The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXII SEPTEMBER, 1935 No. 9

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXII SEPTEMBER, 1935 No. 9

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Administration

By Eva Willes Wangsgard

Long years ago, when I was ill
And tossed about in pain,
When ev'ry effort toward relief
Seemed to be made in vain,

So often I would hear a step
As soft as angel's tread;
Pain-shadowed eyes could dimly see
A figure by my bed.

My father's voice would say to me—
What comfort in a word—
Why can't you sleep, my little one?
Was it not you I heard?"

Then I would feel his work-rough hands
Laid on my fevered brow,
And hear his soothing voice assure,
"There, you'll feel better now."

Still after all these years it seems
A miracle to me
That pain would vanish at a touch
And sleep come instantly.

THE CUMORAH MONUMENT

McRae

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXII SEPTEMBER, 1935 No. 9

The Dedicatory Exercises for the Angel Moroni Monument

By Kate M. Barker

A MONUMENT has been erected on the Hill Cumorah. No monument in the world commemorates greater things—for it stands as a testimony to the world that God lives and Jesus is the Christ—that His gospel of peace and joy has been restored to the world. It was erected by a grateful people, to whom this gospel of peace and joy have come and who because of their love for God and humanity wish to share the blessing with a world struggling for happiness. This spirit of gratitude and love permeated all of the exercises at the dedication of the monument and the four day conference which was held at the Hill Cumorah and the Sacred grove July 21, 22, 23 and 24.

ABOUT five hundred members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came from the east and west, from near and far, to attend the services.

The General Authorities present were—President Heber J. Grant and President David O. McKay, Elders Rudger Clawson, George Albert Smith, Melvin J. Ballard and Charles A. Callis, of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles; Sylvester Q. Cannon, of the Presiding Bishopric; Elder John Taylor, of the First Seven Presidents of the Seventies; representatives of all the General Boards of the auxiliary organizations of the Church; presidents of missions and of stakes.

Some of the outstanding artists of the Church gave of their talent to make the exercises beautiful in keeping with the sublime theme. The readers were Grace Nixon Stewart, Norma Fairbanks and Roscoe Grover. The musicians were Margaret Romaine, Constance Reese Hills, Rulon Y. Robison, Edwin Tout and a chorus of missionaries from the Eastern States Mission.

FOR several weeks the elders had been working in the neighborhood and the response was remarkable. Several hundred visitors were at the dedicatory services. The people of Palmyra generously opened their homes for the accommodation of the visiting Latter-day Saints. The Boy Scouts of Palmyra furnished music for the Tuesday evening program. In fact from every side one felt the spirit of friendship and co-operation. Sunday afternoon Judge S. Nelson Sawyer and Judge Robert F. Thompson gave expression to this new spirit of tolerance

and appreciation in their very fine addresses. Judge Sawyer officially represented the town of Palmyra. He was born there and had known and talked to people who had known the Prophet. He said that he acknowledged with shame the prejudice and persecution which had existed but he was happy now to have the opportunity, on behalf of the people of Palmyra, to welcome the Mormon people with open arms. He has long been a fine friend of our people. It is hard to understand the intolerance and persecution at the time of the Prophet and yet we can probably appreciate the more the independence of mind and the generous friendship of one who in his youth was surrounded by this early bitterness and prejudice.

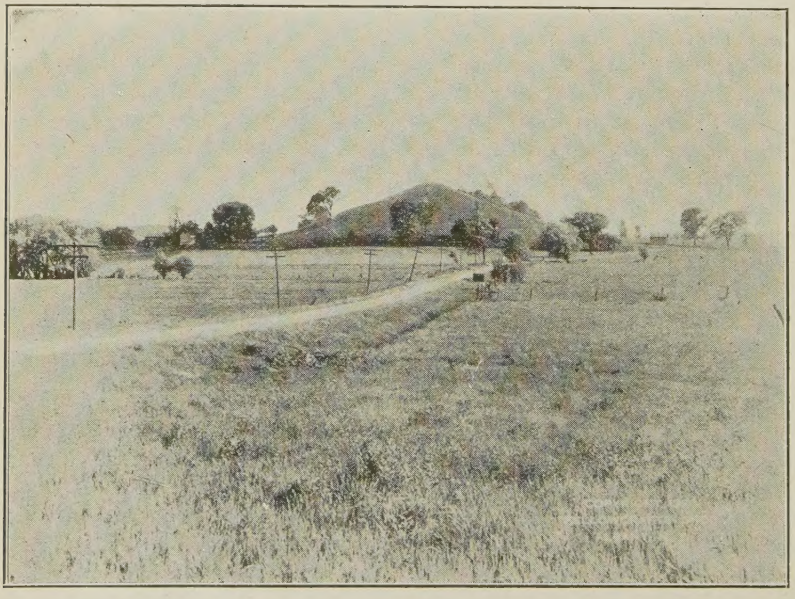
THE dedicatory services were held Sunday morning, July 21st, at the foot of the Hill—the speaker's stand having been erected on a spot near to where the sacred records had been buried.

President Heber J. Grant presided and President Don B. Colton, of the Eastern States Mission, conducted the exercises.

At ten o'clock four trumpeters standing on the peak of the hill near the veiled monument silhouetted against a blue sky, raised the plaintive melody the "Nephite Lamentation." The music was taken up in poetry as a man's voice was heard—

"Now, what do we hear in the gospel which we have received? A voice of gladness! A voice of mercy from heaven; and a voice of truth out of the earth; glad tidings for the dead; a voice of gladness for the living and the dead; glad tidings of great joy. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those that bring glad tidings of good things, and that say unto Zion: Behold, thy God reigneth! As the dews of Carmel, so shall the knowledge of God descend upon them!

"And again, what do we hear? Glad tidings from Cumorah! Moroni, an angel from heaven, declaring the fulfilment



HILL CUMORAH, JOSEPH SMITH FARM, PALMYRA, NEW YORK

of the prophets—the book to be revealed. A voice of the Lord in the wilderness of Fayette, Seneca county, declaring the three witnesses to bear record of the book! The voice of Michael on the banks of the Susquehanna, detecting the devil when he appeared as an angel of light! The voice of Peter, James, and John in the wilderness between Harmony, Susquehanna county, and Colesville, Broome county, on the Susquehanna river, declaring themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom, and of the dispensation of the fulness of times!

"And again, the voice of God in the chamber of old Father Whitmer, in Fayette, Seneca county, and at sundry times, and in divers places through all the travels and tribulations of this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints! And the voice of Michael, the archangel; the voice of Gabriel, and of Raphael, and of divers angels, from Michael or Adam down to the present time, all declaring their dispensation, their rights, their keys, their honors, their majesty and glory, and the power of their priesthood; giving line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little; giving us consolation by holding forth that which is to come, confirming our hope!

"Brethren, shall we not go on in so great a cause? Go forward and not backward. Courage, brethren; and on, on to the victory! Let your hearts rejoice, and be exceedingly glad. Let the earth break forth into singing. Let the dead speak forth anthems of eternal praise to the King Immanuel, who hath ordained, before the world was, that which would enable us to redeem them out of their prison; for the prisoners shall go free.

"Let the mountains shout for joy, and all ye valleys cry aloud; and all ye seas and dry lands tell the wonders of your Eternal King! And ye rivers, and brooks, and rills, flow down with gladness. Let the woods and all the trees of the field praise the Lord; and ye solid rocks weep for joy! And let the sun, moon, and the morning stars sing together, and let all the sons of God shout for joy! And let the eternal creations declare his name forever and ever! And again I say, how glorious is the voice we hear from heaven, proclaiming in our ears, glory, and salvation, and honor and immortality, and eternal life; kingdoms, principalities, and powers!

"Behold, the great day of the Lord is at hand; and who can abide the day of his coming, and who can stand when he appeareth? For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap; and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. Let us, therefore, as a church and a people, and as Latter-day Saints, offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness; and let us present in his holy temple, when it is finished, a book containing the records of our dead, which shall be worthy of all acceptation."—Doc. and Cov. 128:19-24.

Then a woman's voice—

"The promise was fulfilled as ever are
Predictions made by prophets of the Lord,
Until upon the land no Nephite lived,
Except Moroni, ancient seer and bard.

"Then buried in the dust, in silent stone
The sacred plates, the messenger of gold,
To lie untouched in soundless tomb of earth,

"Until a youth, unlettered and unlearned,
But tutored in the school of Eloheim,
Should roll away the rock, the treasure view,
And usher in a dispensation new.

"To every man who will the sacred tome
Peruse in quest of truth, with prayerful heart,
Shall come the sweet assurance from on high,
That it a hallowed history contains;

"A story of the West in ancient time,
And that the gospel found within its lids,
Is not man's spoken word, but God's Divine.

"Fear God for aye, and glory to Him give,
For lo, the hour of judgment is at hand,
And worship Him, who made the earth and sky.

"And surging sea, and all that they contain,
For unto men the Master shall descend,
In glory, power and righteousness to reign.

"Awake Jerusalem and shout His praise,
Arise ye everlasting hills and sing,
For in the latter days from Kolob far,
Shall come to earth in majesty, her King."*

*"The Master's Other Sheep"—by Chas. W. Dunn.

WE then relived the events of the past as the speakers vividly recalled the history of the spot on which the services were being held;—God's goodness and power in leading a group of His children to this continent; their achievements; the great civilization built by them; the visit of Jesus to "His other sheep;" the joy and happiness which was theirs when they lived near to God; the sorrow that came with sin —until the fields, which now are covered with beautiful and luxuriant vegetation, literally ran with blood; how for two centuries the nations on this continent fought almost to the point on annihilation; how one mighty prophet and warrior, Moroni, sealed up in the Hill a record of his people to come forth at some future time by the power of God as a testimony of Jesus. They spoke of the world's struggle for happiness—of the sin and suffering in the search for truth; and then of the young boy whose faith was so perfect that Our Father in Heaven could speak again through him to the world; of the courage and strength of the young Prophet who through ridicule and persecution met every test of sincerity and faithfulness, until the golden plates were given to him by their guardian, the angel Moroni; and, who through the gift of the Spirit was able to translate the records to stand as a testimony to the world of Jesus and a revealing of His message.

We sensed anew our responsibility in giving the world the opportunity to hear the message and of carrying the Book of Mormon to its final destiny—the salvation of the Lamanites —the descendants of Lehi.

From the trumpeters on the hill came the beautiful music of "What Was Witnessed in the Heavens" as the monument was unveiled.

THE dedicatory prayer was offered by President Heber J. Grant. Speaking for 750,000 people he fervently and sincerely expressed our thanks for the personal visitation of God and His Son to Joseph Smith, for the restoration of the gospel and the establishment again of His Church, for the prosperity and growth of the Church despite opposition and persecution and for the external evidences of the truth of the Book of Mormon that are constantly being discovered. He consecrated our lives to the task of helping all Our Father's children to receive the blessings of the gospel and dedicated the monument, hill, and grounds praying that they would be protected from the elements and stand as an ensign to the world.

THE monument was designed by Torlief S. Knaphus. It is erected on the peak of the Hill Cumorah, a shaft of Vermont granite thirty feet high and ten feet square, on the summit of which is a bronze figure of the Angel Moroni, nine feet high. At the bottom of the shaft are panels in bronze. On the west panel Moroni is represented delivering the plates to the young man Joseph. On the south panel an angel of the Lord is pictured standing before the three witnesses, holding the plates and showing them the engravings thereon. In addition to these witnesses the Prophet was permitted to show the plates to eight others. This is shown on the East panel. On the North panel is this quotation from the Book of Mormon:

"And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are true; and if ye shall ask with a

sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, He will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost." Moroni 10:4.

The whole shaft has the appearance of a pillar of light with upward leading lines, each part symbolic of the organization of the Church.

The architecture at the top of the granite shaft is reminiscent of early America.

"The dove, in conventional design, hovers over the entire shaft, and represents the Holy Ghost whose presence has ever blessed great spiritual occasions from early antiquity until now, whenever and wherever the truth of the gospel has been upon the earth to enlighten and guide mankind."*

IN an impressive evening service huge flood lights, directed at the monument, were turned on. The light bathed the monument in a brilliant glow and it could be seen for several miles in all directions.

AND thus it stands a testimony in enduring bronze and granite that "God our Heavenly Father communicates with His children in these latter days, as He did formerly—by His Spirit, by His voice, by vision, and through messengers sent from Him." As President David O. McKay so beautifully expressed it in his address Sunday morning:

"We do not erect this monument to express the wealth of the church, or the deeds—mighty as they were—that took place from 1820 to 1830 on this hallowed ground, but to express gratitude for the gospel of Jesus. It is a monument in answer to the question of the ages, 'If a man die shall he live again?' "

*Pamphlet "The Angel Moroni Monument."

THE SACRED GROVE WHERE THE VISION APPEARED TO THE PROPHET

MONDAY and Tuesday meetings were held in the Sacred Grove. Here the greatest event in the modern world had taken place. Here we heard the living testimony of our leaders of today—strong and firm and certain. As President Grant reviewed the growth of the church and bore his testimony, unfaltering and unqualified, to the divinity of the latter-day work, the first vision seemed very real—and as President McKay expressed it we seemed "to stand in the presence of immortality." Perhaps never did Elder Ballard's favorite missionary song "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go, Dear Lord," receive a more fervent response.

As we looked up at the beautiful testimony in bronze and granite, as we listened to the absolute testimonies of our leaders and sensed the echo of that testimony in the hearts of those present in the Sacred Grove, as we heard the beautiful songs coming from the Hill, expressing the sublime faith of a great people—our hearts were filled with joy and peace and hope.

Surely our people will re-dedicate their lives to His work—surely the world will hear and heed.

Bryce's Canyon

By Ida R. Alldredge

On the rim of Bryce's canyon, I stood and gazed enthralled
At the marvelous handiwork of God within those crater walls
At my feet stood thousands of castles with steeples rising high
As if an ancient city had there been left to die.

I saw a mighty chieftain with all his retinue
March forth in stately splendor, the king their strength to view
The ancient streets wound up and down amid the mighty towers
Where church bells called to service or chimed the passing hours.

Of every nationality there seemed a goodly share
The Chinese with their funny hats, and Japanese by pairs
The lady of medieval times in all her plendor stood
While ancient sage with upraised hands prayed for future brotherhood.

The sunset cast its mystic spell upon those city streets
And crowned a thousand steeples, its beauty to complete
And as I dreamed a magic wand touched every spire with gold
Ere purple shadows clothed them in as evening did enfold

And once again the city sleeps to waken never more
Till fancy takes us back again, to clamor at the door.

Not Bread Alone

By Elsie C. Carroll

IV

AS the mail truck chugged to the top of the ridge overlooking Cedar Basin, Linda recalled that September day more than six months ago when she had caught her first glimpse of her new home. Her emotions were almost as mixed today as they had been upon that occasion. She seemed almost a different person now—older, wiser—and a little sadder. She was returning to Cedar Basin after an absence of nearly two months. She had been called to Uncle Peter who had been desperately ill and was even now on his way to a sanitorium in Arizona where he hoped to regain his vitality.

She would never forget his happiness and his tenderness when he learned she was going to be a mother. She had not written him about it for she knew he would worry about her being so far from medical care. He had discovered her condition after he was getting better, when she reached up one day to adjust a window shade. She saw the light of happiness shining in his grey eyes as he reached for her hands.

"Linnie, why didn't you tell me, honey?"

She had put her cheek down against his thin cool hands and had cried a little.

"Are you happy?" he had asked, stroking her hair.

"Very, very happy," she had whispered.

How thankful she was she could say those words to him, for there had been days after that terrible moment on Christmas Eve when Henry had cried, "No, no, we can't have that happen now," when she had felt that she could never be entirely happy again. Even though Henry had taken back his words the instant they were uttered and had held her in his arms and called her all the endearing names of their courtship and had repeated over and over that he was glad and that everything was going to be all right, still his look and those words had done something to her which had left a little scar. Henry had been so sweet and tender afterwards, trying in every way he could to atone for her suffering that she tried to forget. She realized later when she thought of the strain and exposure he had been under for days, and how the attitude of his mother would affect him, that his first sudden reaction was a natural one. She was recompensed, too, in his added sweetness and consideration during the days that followed when they grew nearer to each other than they had ever been before. She no longer felt that she was alone an outsider in the family, and that Henry stood neither with her nor with the others. Now she knew that no matter what crisis might arise, he would be with her. But that experience had revealed to her what close companions suffering and love can be. Before, she had always associated love with happiness.

Uncle Peter had given her money and told her to buy things she would need. She had accepted without revealing what it meant not to depend upon Mrs. Bowers and Mel for such things. She carefully guarded the most unpleasant features of her life

in Cedar Basin from him. During the days when the old man was gradually becoming strong enough to travel, he and Linda had enjoyed their old companionship, reading, listening to symphonies on the phonograph and from the radio, and talking quietly or sitting silent, happy in the nearness of each other while Linda sewed on dainty little garments for her coming child.

As the mail truck drew nearer to the village, Linda's heart-beat quickened. She was glad she could feel happy to be coming back. In a few moments she would see Henry and would be in his arms. When she realized how much she loved him, she wondered how she could ever think that other things mattered while they had each other and their future.

"Everyboy is goin' to be mighty glad to have you back, Mrs. Henry,' the mail driver said again after a silence of several miles. Lon Macklin was usually a silent man; perhaps because he spent so much time on the desert road. His words warmed Linda and made her realize she had an affection for the people of the little town.

"I heard Ike Lacy sayin' the other night before they moved away, that you givin' his Emmie them music lessons was makin' a new girl out of her. And Marthy Kirk thinks the same way about her Hetty. And I heard that the minister preached a hull sermon about you the other day —what a fine thing it was, you startin' a choir and leavin' your pianny there at the church the way you have. Folks says Phoebe Larson's done purty good with the choir while you been gone, and she sets there all day guardin' the pianny while the kids practice. I 'spect she'd skin anyone alive who as much as scracthed it."

Linda laughed appreciatively. She was sure Phoebe would do something almost as literal as that The girl couldn't do enough to show her gratitude for what Linda had given to her starved soul.

Henry was at the post office to meet her, Dicky waiting in the car. In Henry's arms and with his kisses on her lips, Linda realized that if Cedar Basin were twice as ugly, which she thought was impossible, and if Henry's family were much more irritating, she would still be happy to come back.

"Aunt Linnie," Dicky shouted happily at sight of her. He hugged her tight when she opened the car door and leaned in to kiss him.

"You stayed a long time," he said as Henry adjusted her bags. "I had two bad spells and I wished you was here to tell me stories and sing."

"I wish I could have been, darling. I'm glad you are better now—and you can't guess what I've brought for you."

Linda thought he looked thinner and more pinched than when she had gone away. Her heart ached for the little fellow, handicapped for life in so many ways.

"Hurry, Uncle Hen., Aunt Linnie has brought me a surprise," he called.

Henry smiled at both of them as he got into the car. He leaned toward Linda and said,

"And I have a surprise for a little girl I know."

"Oh, darling, what?"

"You'll have to wait too."

In a few moments they were home.

Mrs. Bowers was sitting as usual in her arm chair by the kitchen window. Linda bent and kissed her cheek. She would never get over feeling sad that she could not love Henry's mother

"How are you?" she asked.

"I'm not a bit well," the old lady complained. "My rheumatiz is worse than it's ever been in the spring. And

there's so much to worry about all the time—never gettin' caught up with the interest on the mortgage, and back taxes. If Pa only knew all the troubles he's left me with. And now Henry goin' ahead an'—"

"Please, Ma—" Henry remonstrated.

Melville and Thad came in from the barn with the milk. Effie got up to take care of it and Linda went to speak to the boys. Thad grinned and blushed. Linda knew he was glad she was back. Mel turned from the wash bench and extended a damp hand.

"A bad penny always comes back," he said laughing. Suddenly as she put her hand into his, he drew her to him.

"Surely you've got a kiss for your big brother," he said, and before Linda knew what was happening his hot lips were pressing hers. She turned her frightened, indignant look to Henry, but he was smiling, evidently pleased that Mel was becoming reconciled to his marriage, and Linda realized that she could never tell him of that dreadful fear she had when Mel looked at her.

"Aunt Linnie," begged Dicky taking her hand, "can I see my surprise?"

"You certainly can," she answered glad of an excuse to bend over her bags and wipe her lips. She felt strangely contaminated. She had tried to make herself think she had misunderstood Mel's glances, and his holding her the night she fainted. But there was no misunderstanding the passion of his kiss.

"See! Looky, everybody! Look!" cried Dicky with joy. "See my airplane."

Henry came and took Linda's arm and led her into the front room.

"Do you want to see your surprise?" he asked. "There it is down the street two blocks and through the lot." He pointed with his hand.

"What? I don't understand."

"It's Ike Lacy's house; can't you see it? Ike and his folks have gone to Mendon for a year to try their luck and he wants us to live in their house."

"But—the rent."

"You've already paid most of the rent, he says, giving Emmie music lessons. We can have it for five dollars a month. He says that will pay the taxes."

"Oh, Henry, darling—I—" Linda burst into tears.

Henry put his arms around her and kissed her hair.

"I didn't know it would mean so much to you, sweetheart, or I would have tried some way to manage something like this sooner."

"But what—how does your mother feel about it—and Mel? Even the five dollars is something. And how can we furnish it?" It seemed too good to be true.

"Ike left their furniture, such as it is. Of course mother and Mel can't understand why we can't be satisfied staying here; but we're not going to worry too much about that. Sometime, you know, we're going to break clear away and they might as well be getting used to it."

THE baby came on the third of August, three weeks before Linda's time. Henry had arranged to take her to a maternity home in Mendon; but labor came upon her suddenly one morning a half hour after he had gone with Melville and Thad to the fields three miles south of town. As soon as she had been certain of the truth. Linda had called a child from the street and sent for Effie. Effie's quiet efficiency and devotion during the days that followed

cemented the bond which had been growing between the two women.

Granny Williams, who had brought most of the babies in Cedar Basin during the past thirty years, was summoned, and a messenger was sent to the fields for Henry.

But when he got home, his son was born, and Linda, white as death and almost too weak to smile, was lying in the darkened bedroom. Henry was terribly shaken. He knelt beside her and kissed her hands and let his tears pour over them.

"To think of your going through it here—like this, alone—I can't forgive myself."

"It's all right, dear," Linda whispered. She gave a tired little sigh and closed her eyes.

After a little Henry went into the other room. Granny Williams was chafing the baby's limbs. She kept peering anxiously at the little face. Effie was warming blankets at the stove.

"Is something wrong?" Henry asked.

"It's his circulation," Effie said. "He keeps going purple."

"God!" Henry sank into a chair. Why hadn't he taken Linda to the city weeks before? To think of her going through all that and—have something happen to the baby.

"Isn't there something we could do—someone we could get?" He asked desperately getting again to his feet.

"Granny is doing all she can," his sister reminded him.

"But a doctor. There's a baby specialist in Mendon, isn't there? That Dr. Grieg who came out when Minnie Bancroft's baby had diphtheria."

"He wouldn't budge from his office until Jim Bancroft gave him five hundred dollars," Granny said, still working the tiny limbs. "I don't know anyone else in town but Jim who could a done that."

"Good Lord, he ought to be made to come in a time like this. I'm going to send for him." Henry grabbed his hat and started for the door. Linda called from the next room. He went to her.

"Henry, what is it? Is something wrong with the baby? They didn't tell me."

"Maybe it isn't serious, sweetheart, but his circulation doesn't seem right. I'm going to send for Dr. Grieg."

"I heard what Granny said about the money. There's the piano, Henry. You know the Bancrofts told Mel they'd give six hundred dollars for it when they were trying to collect on the mortgage."

"Oh, Linda, I can't bear—"

"Hurry, darling!" she pleaded and he rushed from the house.

A MONTH later Linda sat in an arm chair by the window holding her small son to her breast. The baby was entirely normal now and in the last two weeks had added ounces to his weight. Linda was still weak, and could be up but a small part of each day.

They had named the baby Edwin Peter for Henry's father and Linda's uncle. Uncle Peter, who was still in the sanitorium, had written a wonderful letter. Linda had not told him how nearly the little life had slipped away almost as soon as it had come. She tried not to think of that terrible experience. The few days of anxiety had been terrible. Then there was the realization that she no longer had her piano. She realized that all the pianos in the world would not have been enough to pay for anything so precious as her baby's life, and even if Granny Williams was

right that they had been unduly excited and that everything would have been all right without Dr. Grieg, she would never regret what they did. Still, life wouldn't be the same without her music.

Always when she faced that fact, she turned to her baby and tried to forget that anything mattered now that she had him safe and well in her arms.

She saw Henry coming along the street. Effie came to the door.

"There's Henry coming now, so I guess I'll go. Ma's not feeling so well, and Dicky had a bad spell again last night."

"Effie, darling, what would we all do without you?" Linda reached for the other's hand and pressed it lovingly. Effie's fingers tightened and she bent quickly and kissed Linda's cheek.

"It's me that don't know what I'd do without you," she said and a sob filled the room.

Henry opened the outside door and Effie hurried from the room, leaving Linda with tears upon her cheeks. That was as near as Effie ever came to opening the door of her inner life to anyone.

"What's the matter?" Henry asked as he saw Linda's face.

"I'm just happy, darling." You know I always cry when I'm happy. I've just been realizing what a precious treasure Effie is. We must do everything we can to make life up to her."

"Sure," he agreed. He sat down with his elbow on the arm of her chair, staring from the window.

"Linda, I just heard that Jim and Minnie Bancroft are moving to Mendon. They're going to take the piano."

"Oh," breathed Linda. She closed her eyes and clung to Henry's hand.

(*To be Continued*)

If...

By Ella J. Coulam

If we could see ourselves
  As we walk on life's highway,
We'd learn to have more tolerance
  For those we meet each day.

If we could place ourselves
  In our neighbor's humble sphere,
We'd know better how to sympathize
  And pass along more cheer.

If we would form the habit
  Of looking for the good,
There'd be no time to criticize
  Or find evil if we could.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

SEPTEMER—Nothing lightens sorrow nor assuages grief like work. It is the secret of resignation and brings happiness.

THE Catholic Daughters of America and the National Association of Business and Professional Women held notable conventions in Seattle this past summer. The first was marked by strongly worded resolutions against birth control, salacious entertainment, communism and atheism. The second by forceful pleas for equal opportunity in every line of endeavor, while discrimination against married women in different fields was condemned.

PERCILLA SAWYER RANDOLPH, of Los Angeles, was elected president of the National Association of Women Lawyers. Mrs. Randolph states that an appalling number of women teachers are divorcing their husbands in order to hold their jobs. In view of this it is refreshing to learn that the great city of London has removed the ban on married women teachers.

MLLE OSAKA, age 22, of Paris, has recently been declared a wonder girl. The metaphysical Institute of Paris has announced, after several tests, that she has the most accurate mathematical memory on record.

MAUD ADAMS is planning to return to the stage of Broadway in October, in a play specially written for her with a part of her own age 62. Once the idol of the White Way as "Peter Pan" and "The Little Minister," it is hoped Miss Adams will still hold her own in the mature part.

GERALDINE FARRAR has inherited an estate from her father of over $80,000 It is refreshing to hear of one operatic star who need not "die in poverty."

ELAINE BROCKBANK, a Utah girl, has achieved success as a sculptor. She was recently sent as a delegate from the Ann Arbor society of Art to the convention of the American Federation of Arts held in Washington, D. C.

MISS MARIE SANDOZ won the Atlantic non-fiction prize for 1935, for her manuscript called "Old Jules."

MLLE MARYSE HILSZ, French aviatrix, recently reached an altitude of 75,771 ft. She is now officially recognized as holding the world's record for women.

SHEILA FITZGERRALD'S, "Hungarian Rhapsody," Emily Hahn's, "Affair," Hope Syke's, "Second Hoeing" and Doreen Wallace's, 'Latter Howe" are listed as good reading novels among the new books.

MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE in her engaging book "The Arts of Leisure" emphasizes the fact that the gracious, delicate arts of sociability, conversation, etc., add grace and richness to living almost forgotten in the hurry of the modern day. The book is charming and worth-while.

Equality for Women

By Blanche Kendell

AN incident happened in Chicago a long time ago when I was still a girl which opened my eyes for the first time to society's injustice to women. Certainly I had learned from a number of sources that I was living in a man's world, but I was not at all concerned. My father was a prince, my brothers, generous—it seemed natural and pleasant to have them manage everything. But on the particular afternoon to which I refer I stood in front of a home in Chicago when its mistress, a regal woman whose heavy grey hair was wound into a beautiful coiffure, turned in at her gate, smiling her greeting as she came up the walk to meet me. At the same time a man rounded a corner of the home pushing a lawn-mower. He was small, with large bent shoulders and a weazened face.

"Does the lawn need cutting again, Jamsie?" asked my hostess.

The small man doffed a worn cap, grinning in simple good humor. "Yes, marm," he replied. "'Er grows fast, 'er does." He bent to his task, which seemed to absorb all his powers of intellect.

Turning again to me, the lady explained that she had left her home for a few moments in order to vote.

"To vote!" I exclaimed: "This isn't election day."

"It was a school election," my hostess replied. Then a great scorn crept into her strong face. "If it had been a real election," she explained, "I couldn't have cast a vote. I have studied economics and law, but I have no power of ballot, excepting in a school election." She looked at the small figure pushing the lawn-mower, head bent, jaw dropped tensely in sympathy with his task. "However," she continued, "Jamsie can vote."

The man lifted dull eyes. "Yes, Marm. Hi be an American citizen; Hi can vote."

The indignity to womanhood swept over me, as I saw clearly and felt keenly that society should be divided into fit and unfit, not into male and female.

FREEDOM for woman has been a tragically slow process through the long years since the Dark Ages, and although perfect equality is still a dream, we have traveled a long upward path in the last one hundred years. The first annual convention for woman suffrage was held in Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848, but it took eighty years to convince all the states that women were entitled to cast an equal vote with men. In 1850 several states granted married women the right to control their own property, for prior to this time a married woman's property and her earnings, if she worked, belonged, according to law, to her husband. Her children, even, were not her own, for a man in his will could sign his minor heirs over to anyone he chose. Such monstrous laws seem indeed to belong to the Dark Ages rather than to the close of the nineteenth century. Let me repeat, we have traveled a long way!

THE following brief survey, compiled by the press department of the National League of Women

Voters, may help us to estimate the progress women have made in the field of practical politics since the federal suffrage amendment became effective in August of 1920. On June 30, 1932, women in civil service in America numbered 87,506. Eighteen women had been sent to the Congress of the United States. One hundred and thirty-two women are now serving as legislators of thirty-four states. Six women have passed the State Department examinations and have been assigned to foreign service. We have two women governors. Women are acting as Secretaries of State, State auditors, State treasurers, school superintendents, members of school boards, of State Health and Welfare departments, as members of State Departments of Labor, America has probate judges and juvenile court judges who are women in twelve large cities, while more women are holding office in counties than in any other unit of government. We have two women mayors of smaller cities. Two Ohio women have the distinction of holding the two highest judicial posts ever held by women. Miss Cline was appointed in 1928 Associate Judge of United States Customs Court with a salary of $10,000 and a life commission. Miss Allen was re-elected in 1928 to a second term as member of the Supreme Court of Ohio. Her salary is $12,000.

Nor is it only in practical politics that women have gained a firm foothold. In the business world, in education, in creative fields woman has become a power. Indeed, when one surveys the field of letters in America today, recalling such names as Edna St. Vincent Millay, Willa Cather, Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, and other successful writers, one doesn't need to be a prophet to predict that the man of tomorrow in American letters must needs look to his laurels.

ONE of the great forces that have helped to bring about the advancement of women is women's clubs and their federations. In the fields of education, politics, religion, business, social welfare we find women banded together in systematic study and elevating activity. Among other affiliations we have as potent influences changing the current of thought the National Federations of University Women, of Business and Professional Women, of Relief Societies, of political groups, the aims of these great organizations being, not merely to promote women's activities, but to bring about conditions which will assure a deeper insight into life and personal security for all, men and women alike. Clubs are urged to study not only national, but international affairs, that people's understanding of each other may deepen. Some modern writer, whose name I cannot recall, said that our world has become a neighborhood and it should be the task of this present generation to make it a brotherhood. The women's clubs of America are at least attempting to break down the barriers which cause misunderstanding, and consequently misery and trouble.

OF course there are still many occupational discriminations against women, and these have loomed more menacing since the depression. The fact that a woman is the head of a family is only too often given no consideration. Woman's scale of wages is much lower than man's, although she may do the same amount of work and perform it equally well. Also she may have the same number of dependents, or more. The class division should be

in favor of heads of houses, not merely in favor of man because he is usually the head. We are still dwelling largely in a man-made world.

But the sun of tomorrow for woman was never before so bright. Never have we faced such a dawn. The pioneering has been accomplished. We who are born to freedom have no conception of the courage it took for women to step out from traditional shelter and assert themselves. You who dash off an article and without misgiving submit it for publication should read again of the struggles of the Bronte sisters and of George Eliot. When we cast a ballot at the polls, let us give a thought to Susan B. Anthony, Anna Shaw, and other brave women who gave us our precious, and sometimes unappreciated, heritage. We have grown into self-determining, self-supporting individuals, capable of living life deeply, purposefully, spiritually. It is for us to see that when this old sphere evolves gradually into a man and woman world it shall be a better, nobler, happier place in which to live. Angela Morgan gives us the following passionate, inspiring verse:

"To be alive in such an age!
To live it!
To give it!
Rise, soul, from thy despairing knees.
What if thy lips have drunk the lees?
The passion of a larger claim
Will put thy puny grief to shame.

Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind
And link thy hope with humankind;
Breathe the world-thought, do the world-deed,
Think hugely of thy brother's need.
And what thy woe, and what thy weal?
Look to the work the times reveal!
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Glad but to have in it a part.

Give thanks and clasp thy heritage—
To be alive in such an age!"

A Woman's Prayer

By Grace Ingles Frost

For this I pray:
A will to do the work of every day
With gracious touch;
To polish silver, sweep and dust and bake—
To keep this house a home for someone's sake,
Someone dear who does not understand
How irksome little common tasks may be,
And how a small gold circle on a hand
Can assume the harsh analogy
Of servitude.
O let it not, I pray, be thus with me!
Let me not wear my fetters heavily;
But rather as one wears a silken snood
Of her own choosing—and for love!

Grandma Hutchins—Diplomat

By Mildred A. Dawson

THE mid-morning sun was flooding through the cheery bay window where Grandma Hutchins sat at her knitting, her simple household duties already completed. The steady click-clack of the needles never ceased though her eyes watchfully identified passers-by and deploringly followed procrastinating Mrs. Hewling, who was hanging up her washing on Tuesday, not Monday as an efficient housewife should.

"These young people! I'm 'shamed of them—using the day of rest for sport and staying up so late nights for their shows and dances that they can't get up on Monday morning. What is this world—!" But Grandma never finished, for a brisk step sounded on the piazza and the door was flung open to reveal Nancy, Sammy's wife.

Grandma's placid face lit up as she exclaimed, "How nice! Such an early visit! How did you ever get your morning's work done so early with that big house of—?" but again Grandma stopped short for she saw a storm-racked face and anger-glinting eyes. "Why, Nancy! Whatever's the matter! What's wrong?"

"Granny, I'm going to get a divorce—that's what! I can't stand another day with Sammy. He's just hateful!" Then at sight of Granny's startled eyes and stricken face. "Oh, Granny, I'm sorry—sorry, I mean for you. I do love you and know how bad you'll feel. But Sammy treated me awful. I never want to see him again!"

Granny's nimble brain that had met many a crisis back in homesteading days clicked into a quick decision. She had her secret plan—now to put it into execution. "Deary, I *am* sorry, but I know you wouldn't be so hurt unless Sammy'd been pesky mean and I'll do all I can to help you. So long as your mother's way off in Iowa, you'll have to stay around here for a day or so until you've seen a lawyer and gotten packed. I want you to stay here, not at any of your friends', because I'm fond of my grandson, Sammy, too, and he'll have to keep on living here in Red Buttes, and the less others know, the better, don't you think? Now tell Granny all about it."

"Well, I worked like a horse all day yesterday and a lot of thanks I got for it! I had my wash on the line by 9:30—all my table linen and the guestroom bedding included. Then I ran the vacuum over the rug and dusted before I got lunch. After we ate, I sprinkled the clothes, washed the dishes, took my electric iron down town to be fixed, and then I ironed."

"Land sakes, child! Whatever did you do all that in one day for? There was another day coming?"

"Oh, I know—but you see I planned to drive to Ogden today because Benson's are starting their big silk sale this morning at 8:30 and I wanted to get first pick. So I had to get the house cleaned up for Relief Society at my house Wednesday. Well, anyway I ironed until 6:30, then started to get supper. I was tired enough to drop. Sammy came in and bawled me out for not having supper on the table! I just couldn't take it, Granny. I blew up and told him just what I thought of him. What if he did have to go to school-

board meeting at 7:30! And, Granny, he said the awfulest things—What kind of a wife did he have anyway! What help was she—making him late to meetings—not having meals ready when there was nothing but a house to keep straight—going out to teas and parties—that's what she did! And I was yelling back just as good as he sent. It was terrible! Anyway I put on some bread, a bottle of milk, what was left of Sunday's roast and then went upstairs. I couldn't eat—and I haven't seen him since."

"Poor dear! Men just can't understand how tired we get. Land sakes! Eleven-thirty already. Better stay for lunch, then I'll go down with you to Lawyer Stout's. You can help me by setting the table and now let's talk about something else. You know vittles don't set easy when we're all het up." And Granny rattled on about that good-for-naught Mrs. Hewling who never washed on Monday, about Si Lewis' rheumatics, Mary Brown's new pattern for crocheted edging, and what not.

LUNCH was almost over when a hasty heavy step came up the back walk. "That's Sammy!" and Nancy dashed pell-mell into Granny's sacred parlor. Just in time, for Sammy catapulted into the kitchen excitedly. "Granny, where's Nancy? Isn't she here? Oh, Granny, she's left me! I just found a note saying that she's leaving for Iowa and that she never wants to see me again. She just can't mean it! We did have an awful quarrel last night because she didn't have supper ready when she knew that I had a meeting. But, heavens! I didn't think she'd take it that hard. I can't get along without her. I just got to get hold of her. Where d'yuh suppose she's gone?"

Granny's eyes were stern. "Young man, you should be 'shamed of yourself! Nancy is plain sweet and works so hard. Not many young wives in your bunch do their own washing and ironing and cleaning. If she had supper late last night, there must have been some reason and I s'pose you didn't give her a chance to explain. And she wouldn't run off if you hadn't hurt her like mischief. Any man that can't be decent to his wife don't deserve one. Shame on you! A short pause while Sammy gulped. "Well, young man, did you have your lunch?"

"Why no, Granny." His eyes dropped to the table. "Granny! Granny! Who was here for lunch? Nancy's here! I knew it! Where is she?" And Sammy started a dash for the door into the sitting room.

"Oh, no, you don't! You're not seeing Nancy. She don't ever want to set eyes on you again, and I'm not letting you pick on her in my house."

"Pick on her! I'm not going to *pick* on her. I want to ask her forgiveness."

"Humph! So that's all you think you have to do to make things right. Well, it won't do. You ain't leaving this room except by the back door and that only after you've eaten your lunch. Set down!" And Sammy did and left meekly a few minutes later.

Nancy emerged from her hiding place with an air fully as resentful as any advocate of woman's rights could have wished. Sammy could stew all he wanted. He had said far too much last night. No wife with any spirit would relent just because a man had said he was sorry. Words are cheap. Granny glanced at Nancy speculatively and sized up the situation, with a twinge of disappointment. Things were not going quite as she had planned—Nancy was supposed to begin relenting when

Granny got so spunky with him. Quick as thought she assumed an air of outrage. "The very idee! To think that Sammy thought he could fly off the handle and say you was standing in his way and then try to make up by just saying 'I'm sorry.' Humph! He has another think coming. I'm going to set these dishes aside and go with you to Lawyer Stout's. So you're always partying and giving him late suppers. The very idee! Come, let's go."

IT would have been too bad for Grandma's scheme if Nancy had seen the twinkle in her eyes and the smirk about her mouth as she went in search of her jet-trimmed black bonnet of a decade-old vintage. Her face was sober enough when she again faced Nancy at the front door. Silently the two closed the door behind them and paced slowly to the street.

Then Grandma Hutchins began thoughtfully: "I guess we old folks live in the past too much, Nancy. I can't keep from forgetting your troubles and thinking myself back when I was a young wife too. 'Twas nigh onto fifty years ago but it seems as real as if I was in the door of my new cabin again. It is near six in the morning and I am standing looking at the perky colors on the clouds in the east. I am just that tired because little John has cried near the whole night with his teething and I have been up since four—cows to get from the far meadow, milk to skim, mush to cook, salt pork to sweeten before I fry it. The sunrise is so pretty that I stop my work to look at it and then I begin to think of the time a year ago when Father and I (you know I always called Grandpa Hutchins Father) was on our way west from Illinois. 'Twas about six of a morning when we left Fort Bridger on the last lap of our long slow trip west. Oxen was mortal poky, Nancy. A lot different than Sammy's Shem—Shed—She—" Granny stammered.

"Chevrolet, Granny. Yes, it must have been an awful slow trip. I'd like to've gone in that old wagon though—like the high school picnics we took in the carryall over to the Iowa River."

"Well, that morning we left Fort Bridger was another beautiful sunrise and, soon after we started up the road from the fort, I saw the prettiest sight I ever did see. Just at the edge of the bluff we saw three deer with their heads raised a-listenin' to see what the noise of the creaking wagon meant. All about us were hundreds of quail a-slippin' through the grass and violets and cowslips. My! but it was pretty.

"So I stand thinking of that time a year gone by. I forget I'm tired. I just feast my eyes and then 'Susie! what does this mean? The table's not even set. Pork's scorched! Mush's dried up! You know I've got to get that sod broken up today and that I planned to be a-field 'fore now. What a wife you are!' And so on, and so on, while I do the best I can to pick out some food that he can eat. The baby has woke up and is crying fit to kill. Well! I guess *you* know how I felt—but women didn't talk back in those days. I am burning up inside; all day long I steam and sizzle. Just to think of how I work eighteen hours every day: making my own starch from potatoes, molding candles, drawing water at the well house to chill the milk I carry a quarter mile from the house, churning butter, making cheese, grinding corn by hand for our meal of bread and mush, tending my poultry, baking, scrubbing, stilling the baby between whiles, cook-

ing meal after meal for Father's uppity relatives—and so I count over my tasks. The more I count, the madder I get. At noon I set out a lunch, but go down to the well house and churn until Father goes back to the field. I tell you if the Union Pacific had run through Utah then, I'd have gone back to Illinois in a jiffy. But there wasn't no train—Pshaw, Nancy, how dull I must seem."

"Oh no, Granny! I like your stories of the old days." Nancy was all attention.

"Well, anyway, there wasn't no train and I stayed on—to sulk that evening at the supper table, to say nary a word to Father all that long day. Next morning he don't call me and goes for the cows hisself. I get up and hustle about, trying to keep my trouble out of my mind. Some way I hurt all over after crying to myself most of the night. And Johnnie is so cross! The whole world seems to have gone hay-wire—ain't that what you young folks say?—and I so far from my friends and family. No one to talk to. Again I go to the door, look at the sunrise, and wonder how it could have seemed pretty yesterday.

"Just then an arm goes' round me and Father pulls me close and kisses me sweet-like. 'I'm sorry—turrible sorry. I didn't have no right to speak the way I did and I promise never to do it again. Never!' And he never did, Nancy. Times was different then, wasn't they? Women don't have to take so much nowadays. I'm glad you have spunk. Women need it. Well! Well! Here we are at Lawyer Stout's. You go in first, Nancy."

"Grandma, I'm not going in. I'm going home and make an upside-down cake. Sammy's always wanting me to make one. I must hurry! I'll be over tomorrow after the Society meeting."

"Sakes alive! Whatever changed your mind? Ain't you mad at Sammy?" Granny's eyes twinkled as she turned homeward. "Humph! Women don't change much. Just make them think that *you* think they're in the right, the man in the wrong, then give them some silly slush. What would Father think of the story I told about us? Fancy him ever getting soft-like. Humph! Oh, well—the dishes are still standing."

The Cross

By Josephine Gardner Moench

Oftimes, the cross we shrink from bearing
Would be less heavy than the vain remorse
Of knowing that another's shoulder
Bears the load without recourse.

The cross that's borne with resignation
Lighter seems for willing hands;
And oft beneath the heavy burden
Blessings wait at our commands.

The Greatest Adventure

By Clara Perman

Will Your Six Year Old Be Well Equipped?

MUMMY, may I take Miss Kent some flowers?" came from my six-year-old son who was starting off to school.

I was very busy putting up fruit; but I didn't want to discourage this attitude toward his teacher. I took my shears and went out.

As I picked the gayest flowers he said, "You know, I believe I like Miss Ketter better than you." He smiled at me sheepishly and went on, "You know—she has us do so many things that are so much fun."

"Yes, I know," I smiled back at him. "I knew you would think school was a lot of fun." He was really paying me a compliment. I had worked for six years just to hear that.

"What do you think, mummy, Jackie just sits and bawls—his mother brings him and he hangs to her and don't want to stay—but she makes him, and then he won't read, or play games, or nuthin'."

"Well, he's funny," I said, as I handed the bright bouquet to my smiley boy; but it brought before me that picture of the unhappy child whose mother might have thought that getting his school clothes ready was the only equipment necessary for this greatest adventure.

"Going To School" is the greatest adventure a child will ever make, because all other adventures depend entirely upon this thing called education. The equipment with which he starts forth will determine victory or defeat. He looks forward eagerly to these wanderings on many winding, mysterious paths which lead to dragons that must be encountered, for that is real adventure. If he is well armed for the conquest, he will get a great deal of joy and satisfaction in conquering; but if he meets constant defeat because of inadequate equipment, he is forced to join the group of unhappy children listed as "maladjusted". He will not make the progress that he should; for where there is no happiness, there can be no interest.

The mother of a pre-school child often fails to realize the importance of proper training during this plastic and formative stage in the child's life. She feeds him, clothes him, keeps him from physical harm until he reaches the sixth year; then turns him over to a teacher saying, "It's up to you." She may not know that the personality pattern of a child is set at the age of five. She has *made* him before she hands him to the teacher with the demand that a good job of citizenship be done.

In order that a child adjust easily to his school environment he must be well equipped physically, mentally, socially and emotionally.

Surely it is needless to emphasize the importance of arming him with good health. It has been well established that the necessary powers of concentration, attention, inquisitiveness, and natural alertness are lacking if the child is not physically fit. Good motor coordination will be an added aid to the young adventurer; this can be gained by working with tools, bouncing a ball, or playing with toys that call for muscular activity.

By mental equipment we mean a good background of experience

gained through stories, travel, excursions, and opportunity for self-expression; we do not mean any knowledge of reading, writing, or arithmetic as such. There is the mother, so anxious to have her child well equipped, that she forces these mechanics upon him before he is ready. For instance, the child who is made to count each clothespin that he brings to his mother and each step that he takes in the bringing, when he is anxious to run and play, will hate counting and possibly will form a definite dislike for numbers. Numbers are usually fascinating to little children and they should be encouraged to count if interest is shown in it; but they should not be forced to do so under any circumstances. There is also the mother who has been told that she should teach the child absolutely nothing; so she trembles with fear when he asks to be told the letter on a block or the words on a milk bottle. Our advice to this mother is—Teach the child what he is ready for, what he asks for; capitalize these interests as they appear or they may die in the bud. Although the a b c's are not taught in the first grade, that knowledge picked up of his own volition will not seriously interfere with a child's adjustment. And if grandfather insists upon teaching him to spell c-a-t cat, don't worry! he won't be permanently injured. However, there is danger in the teaching of reading. Mothers do not seem to be easily reconciled to the story method. Not only do they insist that every word be known; but that every word be pointed to as proof. This makes for a slow reader who will not have a wide span or quick eye movement. Stimulate a love for reading through your stories, let him pretend he is reading if his interest runs in that direction—but please leave the mechanics to the trained teacher.

Children at a very young age will want to experiment with paints and crayolas. They should be allowed to feel the pleasure of creating a picture; then every vestige of joy should not be snatched by the question, "What is it?" It is wise to ask, "Tell me about your picture." Many lines and scratches will take on value. Criticism may kill the spontaneity from which all creativeness springs. The best in his picture should be praised; but restrict that urge to demonstrate. Once during my early experience in kindergarten work one of my pupils called attention to his rainbow. As it failed to coincide with my preconceived ideas, I made the fatal error of dashing off my conception of the bowed arch of heaven; then gnashed my teeth for the next six weeks as each child who went to the easel made the exact reproduction of my very sketchy rainbow. The child who has been shown how to draw will have better form, possibly at an earlier age, but not the spontaneity or creativeness.

The mother who can't be bothered to keep her child profitably occupied is usually the one who is constantly wondering why he is so naughty. Mentally alert children need stimulation. It will require less effort on the mother's part if she will provide it. Give him tools and grocery boxes; lead him to feel his own powers and take pride in them; see that he is depending more and more on self and less and less on mother.

THE social equipment of a child is of even greater importance. He must have had experience in dealing with other children in order to learn the "give and take", sharing with others, taking turns, standing on his own feet without the aid of mother's

apron strings. He will have many new experiences when he starts to school; unless paths have already been formed in the nervous system to carry off these new impulses, they will be distributed throughout all the channels, causing diffusion. This usually results in crying, hating school, a Jackie who sits and looks on while the others have a good time and are making progress. This is most unfortunate, for the beginning of this adventure is the one great factor in determining its outcome.

The equipment of greatest importance, and that which is most often neglected, is the child's emotional adjustment. He must have self-control learned through experience with parents who exercise self-control. He must have faith, built up from perfect trust, unshattered by domestic strife which should never have reached his ears. He must have consistent home training. A love-blind mother, whose only wish is for the child's happiness may weight him down with unhappiness a hundredfold. A child who has tyrannized his family finds it difficult to adjust to a situation where he must show consideration for others; and usually reacts by open rebellion. One who is of high intelligence will soon overcome this because he is stimulated by the learning and activty program. The slower child will not respond so readily to these stimuli; he is a problem to the teacher and is usually thoroughly disliked by the other children. The little "monarch" at home becomes the "outlaw" at school. Much has been said of making the activity program a means of wider freedom which has led some mothers to give their children no guidance or direction, whatever. They should stop to realize why it takes the human being twenty-one years to mature—the animal mother can teach her offspring all that it needs to know in six months. There will be no progress unless parents hand down to their children the culture gained through the experience of their generation. They must stimulate, suggest, guide, direct, but not dominate. Domination is the great bug-bear which destroys the child's initiative and causes him to lose faith in himself.

In order that the Big Adventure be a happy and successful one I suggest the following recipe for mothers of pre-school children; Take one fattened child, well spiced with the love of recognition. Add many abiding interests. Keep boiling with purposeful activity. Season well with consideration for others, kindness, generosity, and unselfishness. He will be ready to serve at all times.

Keepsakes for the Treasure Chest of Life

By Lella Marler Hoggan

Keep Smiling

"Be glad, little heart of mine:
The stars go singing on their way;
Night is the harbinger of day;
'Tis good to live and work and pray;
Be glad little heart of mine"
—*Mabel C. DeVona.*

MIRTH is the key that unlocks the door to the little House of Happiness. It is the gentle laughter, the merry whistled tune, the glad song, that woos the world from the lonesome road leading into the valley of tragic endings. Mirth is the fragrant oil of contentment that calms the troubled sea of hopeless regret.

The Good Book informs us that:

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine;
But a broken spirit drieth the bones."
—*Proverbs* 17:22.

And we are assured by those who know, that joy and laughter promote digestion, stimulate circulation, and prolong life. In fact, mirth is a most effective curative measure for many maladies.

In these distressing times, there is a tendency to take life too seriously. The little mischief maker, Self-Pity, is slipping into many a heart unbidden. The easiest way to rout him is to laugh him out of countenance. The more we brood over a gloomy situation the worse it appears to be. Worry tends to magnify and intensify our trials.

If we permit ourselves to go over a sad experience repeatedly, enlarging the unhappy details from day to day, we finally reach a mental condition where we are no longer master of the situation. It is then most difficult for us to look upon the experience from a normal point of view. We have permitted a mole hill to grow into a mountain.

MUCH of the tragedy of the world could be avoided if everyone would cultivate a cheerful, hopeful disposition. Many a distressing situation could be saved if we would learn to see the humorous side of life. Watch for the joke. Let the taut nerves relax. Indulge in a good laugh. According to H. A. Overstreet, "The most liberating ability possessed by man, is the ability to laugh at himself."

Wholesome, humorous books could well be made the saving grace of many a home overshadowed by grief, or sickness, or distress.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said:

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining.
I, therefore, turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining."

"Walt Mason is a better tonic than anything that ever was bottled," Elbert Hubbard informed us. If you are searching for a happy philosophy of life, read Mason's "Terse Verse." And if you have not already enjoyed Ralph Parlette's Pocket-Books and Paradises," you have a treat in store.

WHEN your burdens of care begin to multiply and you feel as if you are nearing the end of your endurance, just mentally change places with your great-grandmother for a day. Would it not be an interesting experience on wash-day morning to build a fire in an open grate, and carry water in brass kettles from a distant spring, only to find upon going for your wooden tub, that the water had dried out of it and it had fallen to pieces?

Would it upset your peace of mind to have to stop and strike flint and catch the spark in a bit of dry bark before you could start your fire? How would you enjoy reading by the light of a flickering candle? And suppose you had to cook your dinner in iron pots, over the coals in the fireplace?

Could your great-grandmother have risen some morning to all of the comforts and conveniences you enjoy, could she have pushed a button for light and heat and power; would she not have made sure she had suddenly awakened in fairy land?

LET us not forget the supreme courage of our Pioneer ancestors. When the fire of hope burns low on our own hearth, let us recall the fires they built in the wilderness; and in memory of those fires, let us rise and sing, that we too, may forget the heartaches we have left behind. Remembering the household treasures that they abandoned, the long weary marches that they endured, the call of the lone wolf that awakened them in the night, and the charred graves that they left with-

out markers; remembering these things, let us rise to higher adventures and more masterful achievements.

LET not the pain of sorrow and loss and disappointment crush the joy out of our hearts, and the song out of our lives. The same Father who comforted and strengthened those Pioneers as they knelt in prayer circles out in the lone wastes, is ready to hear and heed our petitions; to renew and uplift us and prepare us to meet every emergency.

"The test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years;
And the smile that is worth the praise of the earth
Is the smile that comes through tears."

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Abraham Lincoln said, "Folks are usually about as happy as they make up their minds to be." He kept a humorous book at hand in his desk, and when the troubles of state became too oppressive, he took out his book and read from it and indulged in a hearty laugh. When a strain becomes so intense it is nearing the breaking point, laughter will often save the situation. It has been said that Lincoln's sense of humor saved his sanity.

AFTER all, life is a mirror. A frowning, distressed countenance cannot reflect a smile. Echo brings back to our ears the same tone we send out to the world. Life does not weave chaplets of joy for the selected few, and veils of sorrow for the throngs of the underprivileged.

"In everybody's garden a little rain must fall,
Or life's fairest, sweetest flowers wouldn't grow and bloom at all.
And though the clouds hang heavy, so heavy, oh! my friend,
I'm sure that God, who sends the shower, will send the rainbow's end."

Sometimes the ones we love the best toss our treasures into the fire, or go stumbling about in our hearts, smashing our precious idols. Tears will not restore the loss. The greater wisdom would be to seek new treasures. Perhaps the very loss we have sustained will help us to choose more wisely the second time. Sometimes we learn through disappointment, that after all, we have been hoarding up false idols, mere counterfeits of real values.

It is hard to begin again, after our most cherished patterns of life have been torn to bits. It is hard to come up smiling after defeat. But what doth it profit us to go on a grouch? Does not a "spell of blues" bring matters to a worse conclusion than a sane reaction would have done?

Suppose the sun were to go on a grouch some morning and refuse to come up. But no! On through the centuries shines that never failing light, steadfast, dependable, forever the same. No matter how thick and black the clouds roll up, no matter how fierce the tempest breaks, after the storm is the calm; the sun stretches her glorious bow of promise across the sky and comes smiling through.

In every worthwhile picture there are shadows as well as highlights. And the plaintive minor key adds beauty to the sweetest song.

"Let no soul shrink from the bitter tonics
Of grief and yearning and pain and strife;
For the rarest chords in the soul's harmonies
Are found in the minor strains of life."

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

PAIN and sorrow and anguish of spirit must needs come to all. These are the lessons that purify and refine and make strong, the soul of man.

"We develop the germs of truth and beauty that lie dormant within us," said Susa Young Gates, "through study and work and prayer and suffering."

"Think while thou sunnest thyself in Joy's estate,
Mayhap thou canst not ripen without frost."

Are we missing all of the joys of today because we are brooding over the sorrows of yesterday? If we do not take advantage of today's opportunity will not tomorrow bring remorse for the loss of today? Do not break under the tragedy of "remembered too late." There is a quiet path that leads into the "land of beginning again." Never believe that the door of hope is eternally closed against you.

"Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, in spite of old sorrow, and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again."

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Help yourself to happiness, the happiness that comes from loving and serving. Don't be afraid to give of your sweetness freely. God's love does not diminish because of his great giving. The fragrance of the rose does not go out to man in stinted portions. All of the sweetest gifts of life seem to grow from much giving.

Are we locking our doors against opportunity? Let us fling it wide open. Let the lark's song come drifting in. Give the bluebird of happiness a chance to build his nest over our sunny window. There is a blessing from heaven waiting on our door-step every morning, if we will but open our eyes to see it.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "Mirth is God's medicine. "Let us administer a generous dose to our sick souls. Keep smiling.

And when we are stowing away the worthwhile treasures, let us not forget that mirth is the magic talisman that insures the safety of our precious collection.

My Neighbor's Song

By Sylvia R. Grant

I put a snowy white wash on the line;
But my neighbor can sing a song.
I scrub my pans till they sparkle and shine,
No other floor is more spotless than mine,
Here no dust ever lingers long.
My window panes reflect glowing fire
From the rays of the evening sun.
Folks passing by do not stop to admire
Mine—for my neighbor's are open near
And from out of them comes a song.

At the Close of Day

By Joseph Quinney, Jr.

At the Close of Day I catalogued the glory of a well spent day. My friends were kind and good. They gave me "Frankincence and Myrrh." They gave me food, food that feeds the soul and brings it into transforming fellowship with Christ, the Lord. It was my day; it was God's day.

At the Close of Day I catalogued the meaning of GRATITUDE. I found it to be the great stream into which were ever flowing the other high and holy qualities of human life; it was adorable because it was touched with the glow of God and opened up the mind to the everlasting glories of the seen and the unseen; it was the unfolding of the heart and the soul.

At the Close of Day I catalogued the meaning of PRAYER. I found myself in sacred thought. This holy hour of prayer moved me up to God to feel His power, to know His truth and to see His light. I was moved in mighty love to give and bless, to know and feel. This silent hour was pure in thought and the glow of God was mine. It was my hour with God—alone.

At the Close of Day I catalogued the meaning of VIRTUE. I found myself lifted in thought, the spirit of deep appreciation was upon me. I looked up to God. I thanked Him for this saving grace of life, and said with Emerson, "I love the right; truth is beautiful within and without forevermore; Virtue, I am thine, save me; use me; thee will I serve day and night, in great, in small, that I may not be virtuous, but Virtue." Then, it is said, is the end of creation and God is well pleased.

At the Close of Day I catalogued the meaning of FAITH. I found myself looking confidently up to a power above, trusting, hoping, and believing in that power. I needed the Christ-like faith to lift my doubts and clear my vision, to give me strength to know the living God. I needed faith, a vital and living faith to visualize the glories of born and unborn time; to have the strength from God and the power to bless my friends. I needed the gift of faith to move in God's Holy Light, and to live the right.

At the Close of Day I catalogued the meaning of WORK. I found it to be the great gift of life, the summation of all that's fine and good, the crowning glory of man, the everlasting discovery of light and truth, indeed, the dignified gift that refuses to grow dim. WORK: It is the sustaining power of all that's fine and beautiful, the vehicle of God with which His creations are made. O, God, grant me the gift of work. Let me ask no greater blessing.

A Sense of Humor

By Eleanor S. Muir

THE element of humor has an attractive peculiarity of its own, because it deals with a mystery which is pleasantly interwoven with the daily life of each of us. It is an elusive thing, but its elusiveness gives it charm.

We often say of one of our neighbors, "he has no sense of humor." We may congratulate some on having it. Secretively most of us are convinced we possess it in great abundance.

A sense of humor is difficult to define. We may say it is a refusal to take ourselves too seriously. Life and work should be taken seriously but not ourselves. It is a protection against ourselves and keeps us mentally sound by its wholesome appeal. It is a refusal to be overcome by petty annoyances and occurrences. It saves us from huffiness, murmurings and despair. Such things involve a wear and tear of nature's strength, whereas a sense of humor enables nature to recruit strength.

Dr. Grayson, President Roosevelt's personal physician, when asked on a recent radio interview what general health advice he could offer to the nation's people said, "System, diet, exercise, sleep and a sense of humor."

It might well be catalogued with the other senses as it enables us to see the other fellow's point of view; to overlook the slights and play the game square and to treat others as we would have them treat us. Only selfish, self-centered and emotionally immature people lack this quality.

Humor is an antidote for egotism. The characters Charles Dickens makes fun of are egotists who have not enough humor to hide the overestimate of their own importance. An egotist is a comic person who has difficulty in seeing the comic element.

No one believes he is wholly without a sense of humor because the gift is so precious. It flashes forth in times of trial and provides a means of kicking aside the obstructions. It keeps us busy in the joyful occupation of finding the good, enjoying the good, and passing the good along. Older folks are more charming and lovable when they possess this winsome characteristic.

A GREAT thinker has said, "God gave us laughter to save us from going mad." If the other fellow can be induced to laugh; if he has the ability to know when the joke is on him and the grace to laugh about it, we know there is life within him.

Kenyon Wade tells the following experience. "An irate man undertook the huge task of reciting my faults to me in no uncertain manner. When he had finished he looked at me stubbornly, expecting me to be in a rage. Instead, I smiled at him and said: 'I thank you, sir, for your category of my faults, the catalogue of them is a good one, but the list is not complete, for there are so many faults you have left out!' The man's sense of humor was touched and he broke out laughing. Far from losing his esteem I won him for a friend."

Humor is valuable in putting people at ease and winning their good will. It provides a pivot on which to shift a delicate situation. Lincoln knew how to come to the rescue with his kindly humor. A gentleman from Ohio named Brand was interviewing

President Lincoln. While they talked a regiment arrived outside the White House and Lincoln was called on for a speech. He asked Brand to accompany him and continued to hold him closely in conversation. But when they reached the portico and the regiment raised a cheer, an aide stepped up to Brand and told him to drop back a few steps. Quick as a flash, Lincoln said: "You see, Mr. Brand, they might not know which was President."

A sense of humor takes the sting out of a caustic remark. It lessens the friction of an unpleasant contact. It has an excellent wearing quality and in general makes us easier to live with. Can you think of a single characteristic of human nature that would go farther toward stimulating cheerfulness?

That Old Rocking Chair

By Bessie C. Rasmussen

I am only a broken down rocker,
I've been mended, wired, and nailed;
If I only could talk like the folks do,
I could tell when they won, or they failed.

I was Mary's first gift from her husband,
And I've known all the sorrows and joys;
That she had as a bride, and a mother;
I've helped raise a girl and four boys.

I knew if the farm wasn't paying,
Or the debts piling up by the score;
Master John soon would come to my refuge,
He and I, we would rock on the floor.

And if he was happy and carefree,
He would hum as he rocked to and fro;
And if he was troubled or worried
He would grip both my arms tight, and so—

I would act as a comforter always,
To Mary and John I was true;
As they sat in my framework so comfy,
And dreamed and planned anew.

Tears of sorrow and gladness I've witnessed,
Sickness, laughter, and many a sigh;
As I've listened to life passing onward,
Sympathetic, but silent was I.

I acted as cradle for baby,
I was given to guests as the best;
I was even the cause of the first quarrel,
When John held me up as a jest.

As the cause of a meal being served late,
When Mary was painting me blue;
How I'd liked to 'ave been able to tell John,
That I knew a secret or two.

How each morning before he left Mary
He would come to my side, say in fun:
"I must go now dear, give me a luck kiss,
You may sit in my chair till I come."

"I'm just joking, enjoy the chair, Darling,
It was bought for your comfort alone;
How I love to see you and the babies,
Sitting here in our very own home."

I helped teach five children, their first songs,
I acted as time keeper, see—
Mary rocked and sang the tunes of the song;
And I counted out, one, two, three.

I knew first, that Alice was planing,
To marry young Bob, first of May;
In fact, I was the cause of the asking,
Alice sat in me posing that day.

I gave Billy his chance at the college,
I helped Alton to get his first B;
I also was aid, when Jack's clarinet played,
I helped Max to get his degree.

They call me Mom's old fashioned rocker,
But little they know, just how I—
Helped to bring up that family of Mary's and John's;
What a trial they all were, oh my!

But today they are mending my rockers,
And are painting me up again blue;
I'm to go and rock the new babies;
Bob and Alice has twins, Bill and Sue.

So I'm still some use as a rocker,
As a comforter, still I have charms;
And when you are weary and need a rest,
You'll find me with open arms.

Guides In Buying Textiles

By Vilate Elliot

IV

Furs

FUR, for so many centuries confined by royal decree to the wardrobes of the nobility, has become thoroughly democratic. Cheaper furs have been fashioned into stylish garments in abundance until almost every woman can afford a fur coat, jacket or scarf. But the most expensive furs have become scarce, hence the cheaper and poorer furs have been pressed into service to simulate them. The imitation is often so perfect that experts must use microscopes to be sure of their identification. Retail buyers, who are without the benefit of laboratory equipment, could avoid expensive mistakes when buying fur garments if they would learn the real name of the animal from which the pelt is taken and the relative wearing qualities of furs, instead of accepting blindly the tempting pseudonyms sometimes used in selling.

"In 1928 the fur industry with the approval of the Federal Trade Commission adopted rules for naming furs which are adhered to by the more reputable dealers. These rules insist that the correct name of the animal must be used and if the fur has been dyed or otherwise processed, this fact must be included in the name as "seal-dyed muskrat" or "pointed fox." If the country of origin is indicated, it must be correct, as "Australian opossum." When the name of a country or place is used to designate a color, this too must be stated, as "Sitha-dyed fox." The common practice now in use in advertising furs is to place an asterisk after the trade name, giving the real name of the fur at the bottom of the page."

If all furriers adhered strictly to these rules, the buyer's problems would be less complicated. Since many of them do not adhere to these rules it is important to deal only with reputable, well established furriers.

One should be very wary of a bargain in furs—it is usually a bargain for the one selling the fur. He has lowered the price because of some defect which the customer is not able to detect. It may have been on hand for some time, the leather has begun to deteriorate, or it may be some cheaper fur masquerading under the name of its betters, but depend upon it a bargain in furs always has a reason back of it.

Durability and price bear little relation to each other, a chinchilla pelt worth several hundred dollars will not wear any better than a rabbit pelt worth fifty cents. White rabbit is made to resemble ermine or white fox but it is much less expensive, the scarcity of the animals and the demand help to set the price of any fur. The finest pelts are always taken in the winter, it is then when the fur is thickest and longest and best supplied with oil. The only exception is the muskrat, which is at its best in the spring.

There are two sets of fur in almost any pelt, the short downy fur next to the skin; this is protected by the long guard hairs, which are coarser and glossy. There are a few furs as the beaver, seal and muskrat which are plucked of their guard hairs. I have already mentioned in this paper how cheaper furs may be made and sold as the more expensive kind, unless you know and can identify the fur and have some idea of its relative wearing qualities you are at the

mercy of the merchant, and again he may not be informed either, so we see the need of an honest label.

The life of a fur may be lengthened by the care it receives. It must be stored either in moth proof bags or preferably with a furrier. In the winter it should be hung on a well padded hanger and given ample room in the closet. If a coat or fur becomes wet, shake it to remove as much water as you can, then hang it in a cool airy place where it may dry slowly, never place it near any kind of heat, you will dry out the skin and the natural oil causing it to become brittle. Every fur coat should be cleaned at least once a year by a competent furrier, it should be shaken lightly every time it is worn, if it is inclined to mat comb it with the flow of the fur.

Friction of any kind will wear away the fur. For example carrying a purse or bag under the arm, where it constantly rubs, or a hat brim rubbing on the collar or overcrowding the pockets, in fact allowing any excess friction will cause the best of fur to wear. Motoring is the hardest wear any fur coat can receive because of the constant rubbing up and down and back and forth. If a coat or scarf has a greasy matted appearance moisten a soft clothes brush and brush it with the flow of the fur. Do not wet enough to soak the leather. Never place a coat in the sun for long periods as the sun tends to bleach the fur.

Hosiery

THE deceptions practiced on the purchaser in buying silk hosiery are due in part to her own indifference and her willingness to take what is offered her provided the price is right." Then silk stockings are very deceiving.

"According to an article in the Textile World, April 28, 1928, entitled "Who knows her Hose," "so remarkable has become the refinement in the making of synthetic textiles that probably not one housewife in ten can tell, today, from the feel or appearance, whether the hose she is about to buy is of real silk or something else. The recent test, conducted by the Knitting Arts Exhibition in Philadelphia, by the American Bemberg Corporation, produced extraordinary findings along these lines. At the Bemberg booth were displayed ten stockings, five of cocoon silk and five of Bemberg yarn. Visitors were asked to distinguish them. Of all who tested the ten pairs of stockings, only 2% picked all the stockings correctly. The others' figures were: 7.6% failed to distinguish any difference between the silk and Bemberg, 24% picked one right in ten, 22% picked two right, 20% picked three right and 24.4% picked four out of ten." (Taken from Standardization of Consumers' Goods by Coles.)

The shopper should have in mind two qualifications when she buys a pair of hose: serviceability and appearance: unfortunately in today's fashion these two qualifications are not always found in the same pair of hose, the wheel of fashion does not turn that way. It usually turns in favor of the producer and as the merchant would say promotes spending. When it was the vogue to wear high top shoes and heavy silk stockings, style did combine happily with serviceability. But the producer was not selling enough hose. New fashions must be introduced to increase the demand of hosiery so the shoes went down and the dresses went up and up and up and that long space between low shoes and abbreviated dresses became very conspicuous, the producers and the merchants

were very enthusiastic over this change in style, it meant great demand and increased sales everywhere, it also meant exceedingly sheer hose, very fine, transparent and lacy hose which could demand the highest price without any thought to serviceability. These sheer hose may last a day or at most two or three wearings without runs. Semi-service hose are usually cheaper, they wear better, but as long as the mode decrees otherwise many of us will hold to chiffon hosiery and the hose problem will go on being a very important item in the clothing budget.

Especially is this true where there are two or three girls of high school or college age in the family. Mother can never find enough stockings to go around. But dame fashion is very pressing in her demands we feel we must conform. From the ten year old school girl to the dearest and oldest grandmother a pair of sheer silk hose is most pleasing.

Important elements in determining the quality of hosiery are fashioning, number of silk strands in the yarn, amount and kind of twist in the yarn, gauge, elasticity, reinforcements, methods of finishing, length and size, and absence of defects.

Full fashioned hose are knit flat on many needles and sewed together down the back and along the bottom of the foot to the toe. Shaping is done by dropping (about five stitches) just below the hem, and below the calf of the leg (about 25 or 30 stitches). There should be a wide hem (about four inches) and one or two rows of lock stitch below the garter top to prevent a run.

A cheaper type of hosiery is tubular knit. They are placed over forms and thoroughly steamed to shape them, however, this shaping does not always last. A mock seam is placed at the back, small dots are placed below the calf to give them the appearance of full fashioned hose. For women or girls whose ankle is not too slender these hose are very practical for everyday wear.

For the number of strands in the yarn is very important, three or four strands are usually used in sheer hosiery, this is not practical and such hose are very apt to have runs at the first wearing, five or six strands are much more satisfactory. By the *gauge* we mean the number of needles per inch and a half on the knitting machine, the finer the yarn the higher the gauge. Strength is sacrificed to appearances in the higher gauges. Forty-five gauge is considered the border line between wear and appearance.

Elasticity is determined by gauge, quality of silk and the number of courses or stitches in the stocking. Unless a stocking is elastic at the top and the instep it will not wear well and runs will develop easily. Competition has induced some manufacturers to reduce the number of courses and skimp on the gauge, such hose are not elastic. Reinforcement should come in the wide hem at the top, heel, toe and sole.

Stockings should be purchased at least one-half inch longer than the foot; they are steamed and stretched in finishing and will shrink to the original size when washed. Merchants tell me they cannot sell hose marked in the larger sizes—this is false pride and should be overcome.

Rubbing the hose with paraffin wax on the places most easily worn tends to strengthen those parts. Then, too, one may reinforce those parts by darning with long stitches on the wrong side which is very helpful. Another help is leather hose protectors, purchased at most good shoe stores, and are used by many people. They are very good and do add to the life of the hose.

God Remembers

By Grace Zenor Pratt

IT had been a rather tiresome day for the collector for the automobile company; not an enviable position at best. But just now conditions were very bad; money was so scarce that the company was suffering many losses. Sometimes Anthony Kane grew almost disgusted with himself at finding it necessary to oversee this end of things; a sort of mental nausea at extracting debts from people that some glib salesman had intrigued. Perhaps oftener than not, the buyer had been reluctant, well meaning and honest at heart, but there was always the piper to pay and sometimes Anthony felt as if he were the piper. It was a hot day of early summer; the dust was stifling; the food at these small settlements, mostly tortillas of corn and flour, and beans seasoned with chili, tomatoes and onion, became revolting during this warm season. The water, too, was bad in some districts. He would have a few more stops here and there among the straggling ranchos then would be on his way to headquarters in the city.

He was rather discouraged. His success had been but meagre and he was not taking a very optimistic report to his company's office. He wondered vaguely if he was merely tired or if he were becoming a pessimist.

There were stretches of desert where heat waves glimmered and skimmed over the trackless waste lands and the car wheels sent up the choking dust in clouds. There were occasional haciendas with a few stunted fruit trees, a little church of plastered adobe and a few humbler dwellings clustered about; sometimes, but not often, there was a shallow river whose tortuous windings the cottonwoods followed persistently as cottonwoods have a way of doing in Mexico.

Once he stopped at a big rancho where a pack of dogs hailed his approach with violence and the inmates were taking their afternoon siesta. A cool drink from the big deep well under the fig trees in the patio and a half-hour's rest in the shade were almost a recompense for the failure of the courteous Don to produce a payment now long overdue.

WHEN he again resumed his journey the afternoon was nearly spent. Business made it necessary to be in Torreon early tomorrow. There were many miles yet before him. It would take until late into the night to reach his destination even with the best of luck. However, it was much pleasanter driving in the evening. There was a good moon and a breeze made the air refreshing. As dusk fell the country became more desolate; but the giant cacti and desert palms broke the monotony of the moonlit plain.

The headlights revealed far ahead another road which coverged with the one he now traveled. He had known of this road before but he had never before taken it. But now, as he slackened speed, he felt impressed somehow, to take this new road, though it would be a longer and rougher route.

Against his better judgment he turned the car marveling at that unseen force which so impelled him. Soon he became reassured as his

speedometer reeled off the kilometers and the weariness he had felt earlier left him. He was content with life and all it had offered and given him. Presently he looked at his watch. It was a few minutes to ten o'clock. By midnight he should reach his hotel in the city and its comfort would be welcome.

The ruggedness increased; he could make but little time. Surroundings took on an unfamiliar aspect. Perhaps he had been foolish to follow this whim; whims were elusive things. He must keep a look out for some goatherd's camp or a light from a dwelling where he might inquire concerning the original highway. On that other road there were frequent small settlements and it was decidedly easier going. At any rate he must be in Torreon early tomorrow; it was imperative, *he* had never failed to keep an appointment yet.

As if in answer to his necessity a clump of trees came into view: a few giant walnut trees sheltering a roadside spring. There would be dwellings near at hand. Yes! there they were, a few straggling adobe huts and the inevitable chapel crowning the little hill. He noticed how the dark cross was outlined against the sky. As he passed through the one narrow street he saw the houses were in darkness but a pack of mongrel dogs appeared and emphasized their welcome of him. Ah—there was the light. And he stopped at the adobe wall of an old hacienda.

There was a group of men at the big iron gate and a few stragglers outside who paused curiously before passing. The big house was lighted and there seemed to be confusion. As Kane stopped in front of the entrance and turned off his motor he heard a woman's sobs. A priest in his long black robe passed across the road to the chapel, fingering his crucifix.

"Buenos Noches", Kane greeted the group at the gate, quietly, and in his fluent Spanish he told them he had taken the wrong road and asked direction to the city. Before he had finished the gate was opened. "Si, Senor, entra," and a young man left the group and hurried into the house. "We have a very sick man here," the speaker explained. "The good God has surely sent you. Could you not take the sick man with you? There is no other way."

Before Kane could reply the boy who had hastened away from the group returned bringing with him an elderly man who appeared to be in despair. He extended his hand to Kane.

"Buenos Noches, Senor. My beloved son is dying. For the love of the Holy Virgin, hasten and take him to the great city! We are but the very poor here. I am a caretaker in the hacienda. There are no automobiles here and by wagon . . . that would be too late!"

The American hesitated for an instant. There had been an epidemic of small pox throughout the district —perhaps—but no! There had been a gay party—a senorita's smile—a lover's quarrel, and the senorita's brother flushed with wine had used a knife in the darkness. Carlos was bleeding to death.

Kane understood in that moment of revealing certainty exactly why he had taken the strange road. An almost divine exultation thrilled him. With him, rested the ultimatum whether this boy should live or die and God must will that he should live by all that had occurred.

Quickly and silently they set about their task. The wounded man was made as comfortable as possible in the tonneau of the car. He was

young, slender, and far spent; unconscious now, and the heavy bandages were stained scarlet. An older brother supported him tenderly, and as Kane drove swiftly through the night the grey haired father murmured broken fragments—of prayer for his son, interspersed with murmured thanks to the Senor Americano whom the Virgin had sent. These were the only sounds which broke the silence as the motor hummed smoothly across the miles bringing them nearer their destination.

It was an hour past midnight when the lights of the city appeared far ahead and a half-hour later they stopped in front of the big white hospital where attendants took charge of the patient. Anthony waited for a few moments to hear the verdict after the examination. He was very weak, they said, but there was a splendid fighting chance.

KANE felt a certain satisfaction and joy in knowing he had been instrumental in bringing relief in time of need; a gratitude, that he had listened to that intangible voice which had made this possible. He was preparing to drive away when someone called to him, and the father of Carlos was beside the car.

"If the Senor Americano can spare me but a moment I will tell him that which is in my heart," he said. "Some men might say it was but chance brought you our way tonight, but it was God! He is good. Many times has *he* come to me in my need. There was a time when my poverty was greater than now; there was drought and we had but little food. I could find no work. With sorrow I saw my children hungry. I went to the pueblo early one morning to try and get food. I was weak and I sat down in a doorway to rest. I heard voices inside the store speaking and my name was mentioned. A stranger was searching for me. A distant relative had sent a bag of beans and one of corn from a distant village; and the stranger sought to find me. God had led me there, Senor. And that night I knelt in the chapel and gave thanks to him. And so it has always been in my greatest need. God remembers."

The old man paused and bared his head in the moonlight. There was only the sound of the night wind through the dusty pepper trees as the American and the grateful peon clasped hands in the silence of understanding hearts.

Notes from the Field

Pocatello Stake

THE Pocatello Stake Board of Relief Society sponsored a "Hui-Nui" (Maori word for Big Time), in December, 1934. A two-day bazaar was held in which seven city Ward Relief Societies participated. There were booths for aprons, children's clothes, art goods, kitchen articles, artificial flowers, quilts, candy, etc. One corner of the large stake hall was devoted to a Colonial Kitchen where, backed by old-fashioned dressers holding pewter and old china, a cafeteria luncheon was served each day, the waitresses costumed in old colonial frocks. The bazaar was a great success, financially as well as otherwise, nearly all the articles being disposed of. The last evening was devoted to a minstrel show, "The Land O' Cotton," directed by Mrs. G. N. Brunker. This was more than a minstrel show, it was an artistic production, with some of the best talent of the city, singers and dancers taking part in the cast of fifty people. The costumes were in black and white, as were also the decorations of the stage and hall, and the various booths. The Stake Board received many compliments on the success of their venture along these lines.

"THE LAND O' COTTON," POCATELLO STAKE

Anniversary Day

THE General Board is delighted with reports of celebrations held throughout the organization to commemorate the founding of our great Society. There were pageants, musicals and combination programs depicting the organization and the various phases of the work. We trust that this day will ever be remembered and revered as the day the women of the Church received official recognition.

Maricopa Stake

THE Mesa First Ward has been using the kitchen adjoining the Relief Society room as a medium of exchange. On each meeting day the members are urged to bring anything

of which they have a surplus and these are sold or exchanged after the meetings. Among things brought are: fresh fruits, pickles and all kinds of home baking, art work and handmade articles. It is the hope that each member will sell enough to cover the year's subscription price of the *Relief Society Magazine,* the Annual Dues, and a little or big surplus for her own pin money.

Lethbridge Stake

ON the top of a huge birthday cake used as a center piece at the Anniversary Day Dinner, in Lethbridge Ward, was a globe of the world upon which was placed a figure of a woman holding a huge candle.

LETHBRIDGE WARD
BIRTHDAY CAKE

Through this design the message of the Relief Society was given that this great organization is international in scope and influence, and a light to the women of the world.

Candles were grouped about the cake and table, and as they were lighted it was explained that they represented a number of the charter members of the Society, the enrollment of the members of the Ward, and the number of books in the Old Testament. The lighting of the last large candle was to symbolize the great light of truth that was shed over the world when the Prophet of these modern times spoke the significant words: "I now turn the keys for you in the name of God, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time." The light of the tiny candles represented the glowing light of all women who had enlisted in Relief Society work.

The three members of the Presidency cut the cake, which was served with ice cream.

Western States Mission

MESSAGES are constantly coming from our missions reporting varied activities and excellent work. Who would have thought that a conference could be held in Denver during the last year (1934) with representatives from sixteen branches out of twenty-six, including delegates from Colorado, Nebraska, New Mexico, Wyoming, Iowa and South Dakota? The members in Denver opened their homes to those from the other localities, which lessened the expense very greatly for the visitors.

In connection with the convention there was a splendid display of handwork made by the sisters all over the mission, which pleased them all very much. The Denver papers very generously published notices of the conference, reports of the meetings and pictures of the officers of the various branches. Mrs. Winifred B. Daynes, President of the Relief Societies of the mission, was overjoyed with the

results of the conference as well as were all others who helped to make it such a success.

Panguitch Stake (South Ward)

IN the "Notes" published in the April, 1935, *Magazine* we regret that an error was made regarding the gift of a set of Relief Society Magazines. The *Magazines,* consisting of a complete set from the beginning of the publication, was contributed to the Panguitch South Ward by Mrs. Sarah LeFever Houston, instead of to the Panguitch Stake, as was stated.

Relief Society Project

THE General Board has received so many reports of the excellent work being done in the various stakes and missions on the Relief Society Project, that space will not permit their publication. They have been carefully read, however, and are filed for reference. They have added greatly to the ideas, suggestions and information of General Board members who, in their travels about the stakes, will be able, through them, to pass on valuable suggestions regarding what others are doing.

It is a great satisfaction to the General Board that this Project is receiving so much attention, and that through the interest and ingenuity of our stake and ward officers so many families are being greatly benefited.

Northwestern States Mission (Tacoma Branch)

A SISTER who had recently affiliated with the Tacoma Relief Society wrote several very inspiring verses regarding this new opportunity which had come to her. One of these we publish:

"It's almost a year since I came here,
To sunny Tacoma and you.
When I think of the things I have learned here
It seems too good to be true.
I hardly know how to express this,
It's been such a wonderful treat.
With the lessons and broad information
And friendships endearing and sweet."

PAGEANT GIVEN BY MONTPELIER STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY

Montpelier Stake

A BEAUTIFUL pageant was presented in Montpelier Stake in February, 1935, featuring the Bible. The pageant was so successful that there was a special request that it be repeated, which was done. All the married people in the community were invited, including non-members of the Church. There was so much interest in this pageant that it has been used by other stakes.

Relief Society Magazine: Mrs. Agnes Pearce, a former Relief Society President of Montpelier Stake, presented her complete set of *Relief Society Magazines,* from 1914 to 1935, to the stake, and they are now being bound for permanent reference.

Rigby Stake

RIGBY Stake reports an art institute which was most unique and interesting. Fancy needlework and many beautiful quilts were displayed. Demonstrations in basketry, painting, crepe paper, rug making, cut work, tatting and yarn work were given. A department for cooking and beverages was very popular. Chloe Later is the Stake Art Director.

Relief Society Magazine Campaign (Duchesne Stake)

THE report of the Magazine Drive in Duchesne Stake came to the office too late to be included with the other stakes doing good work. We congratulate the women of this stake on the number of subscriptions received, and thank them for the effort made.

Nevada Stake

IN their enthusiastic Magazine Drive last year, the Nevada Stake adopted the slogan "A *Relief Society Magazine* in every home." A contest was inaugurated to procure original ideas on means and ways of making and saving one hundred pennies or the one dollar for one year's subscription to the *Relief Society Magazine*. The rules were:

1. Any Relief Society member or officer is eligible to send them in at any time until September 1, 1934.

HAWAIIAN MISSION

2. Decision to be made by the three judges to be final.

3. The prize to go to the winner of their decision.

4. On a separate slip your name and address enclosed in the same envelope.

5. Send directly to Dora Atkinson, Box 1815, McGill, Nevada.

Hawaiian Mission

WE are in receipt of a delightful letter from Sister Verna F. Murphy, President of the Relief Societies of the Hawaiian Mission. She reports the safe return of the Hawaiian delegates which attended the April, 1935, conference. It was a great pleasure to receive this delegation and to become better acquainted with our members from across the sea.

Liberty Stake

AS an outgrowth of two years' study of the history of music, the Relief Societies of Liberty Stake presented a closing musicale. Beginning with the music made by the morning stars when they sang together on the morning of creation, and tracing music through the years in both its secular and sacred forms, the history of music was completely presented. The facts themselves, gleaned from a comprehensive notebook carefully kept by the Stake Organist, Adeline Ensign, were cast into poetry by Claire Stewart Boyer and read to appropriately selected organ music. Instrumental music was represented by the harp, the organ and an instrumental trio. Vocal developments ran the gamut from the first hymn, the Magnificat, sung by Mary when she visited Elizabeth, through a speaking choir, the folk song, opera and oratorio. The choruses were composed of more than 200 Relief Society members. Mabel Poulton Kirk and Olive Hickman conducted the choruses while Adeline Ensign accompanied both reader and choruses upon the organ. Love of music was the aim and it can best be expressed in the following excerpt:

Music

Music is eternal spirit, eternally revealed,
God is the author, the composer and the director,
Each voice is an instrument in his hands;
Love is the melody and truth the words;
Life plays upon all instruments;
Here are the violins that carry the beauty along,
Here are the winds, the low sweet echo of motive in song,
Here are the tones of brass going cling, clong.
So is the symphony divine.
Music gives joy that is art, fair art,
Music gives courage that good deeds may start,
Music lifts high the hope of the heart—
So is the symphony divine.

—*Claire Stewart Boyer.*

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL XXII SEPTEMBER, 1935 No. 9

EDITORIAL

M. I. A. Slogan

"WE STAND FOR SPIRITUALITY AND HAPPINESS IN THE HOME"

WE congratulate the M. I. A. on the selection of this timely slogan. For some years the trend has been away from the home until it has become all too often merely a place where meals were served and where people slept. A place to go away from for pleasure. There has not been time to read the Scriptures or cultivate spirituality in the home, for the members were flitting all the time. In too many cases the task of instilling spirituality in the hearts of the children has been left to the auxiliaries. This responsibility belongs primarily to the parents, it cannot be shifted, and the home is the nursery where it must be cultivated. All too many parents who have been so engrossed in business, church activities, or other affairs, that they have delegated their responsibility of training their children to organizations, will find when too late that no organization can take the place of mother and father and the home.

EVERY home should cooperate to make effective this slogan, "We stand for spirituality and happiness in the home." Home is the foundation of society where love and authority entwine. Men are and will ever be largely what their homes have made them. Fortunate are the children who in their youth have learned obedience, neatness, punctuality, courtesy, economy, respect and love in their homes. In this first of schools, they should learn not only to obey others, but to obey themselves. "Self-obedience is doing what you resolve to do, be it easy or hard; self-indulgence is doing what you want to do under the promptings of the taste or passion." Brent.

EVERY boy and girl should have duties in the home. This will

give them better chances of becoming fine personalities. Children who accept service without reciprocation become selfish and think that they should have whatever they can seize without paying the price. "The world is largely a world of compulsions." Those who in their homes have not been taught the inevitability of law and how "to convert a necessity into a virtue" are apt to become embittered or crushed when they go forth from the sheltering walls of the home.

VISION should be cultivated in the home, for while freedom of choice is a most desirable possession, its necessary concomitant, to make it worthwhile, is vision From earliest childhood children should have religious trust instilled into their minds. Brent truly says, "It is as ridiculous to leave a child to select his own religious belief and observances as to allow him to select his own literature, his own habits of dress, or his own food. The discipline of simple faith demanded of the child soul by spiritual affirmation, made by parents' lips and conduct, can have no substitute. It often springs in from the past, as the deciding factor in the life of a man, who under the stress of severe trial, is trembling on the brink of ruin, and would be lost but for this breath of a sacred yesterday."

In the home where spirituality is taught and lived, there will be happiness and those who go forth from such a home will be good citizens and will be trained and ready to do their part in carrying on the work of the church and the nation.

Back to School

AS boys and girls return to school this Fall, their fathers and mothers open memory's casket and think how different are conditions now than they were in their school days. Never before have there been such fine school buildings. There are well equipped libraries, scientific equipment, manual training apparatus, domestic science facilities, opportunities for sewing such as the parents never dreamed of available to the young today. School is made so delightful that the days wing their way past.

But there are all too many distractions from serious mental work. Sororities and fraternities, athletic sports, auto riding, movies and many other pastimes are taking all too much of the time of many of the young people. There is an overindulgence in sweets. It is no uncommon thing on the campus of our colleges and universities to see young women eating chocolate bars at nine or ten in the morning. Many laughingly say, "O, this is my breakfast." Candy is not the right kind of a meal, and many of these young women will later pay the penalty for improper diet. These young people need to learn moderation. No matter how good a thing is if indulged in to excess, it becomes an evil. Some students study so hard and become so engrossed in their mental work that they neglect their physical or spiritual needs and many break under the strain. Those attending school should never feel that they haven't time to attend to some Church activities. The spiritual being needs nourishment just as much as does the physical. True education should give a rounded development. One is not really educated who neglects his physical and spiritual needs.

Elsie Talmage Brandley

SELDOM has the community been so shocked as it was when the unexpected death of Elsie Talmage Brandley was known. Full of life, joyous, ever in the forefront of Church activities, people took it for granted that her earth life would continue for years to come. Although she was sick but a few days, she felt impressed that death would soon summon her to join her beloved father.

In her passing the Church loses one of its most brilliant women. Versatile, willing, happy, understanding, she did well whatever task came for her to accomplish. Associate Editor of the Improvement Era, gifted author of poetry and prose, skillful writer of lessons and feature newspaper articles, she always found joy in whatever she was asked to do.

Seven daughters came to bless her and her husband. While she was not home much, she prided herself on so planning and directing that she felt her household work was not neglected. She was admired for her brilliant mind. She was loved for her breadth of vision and her understanding heart. She loved life and looked on death as a great adventure that would open the gates for new experience.

May our Father bless and comfort her mother, her husband and daughters and her brothers and sisters. May this devoted father be able to guide these daughters so that they may become the women their mother desired them to be.

A Welcome Letter

WE are sure our readers will enjoy reading this delightful letter sent to President Louise Y. Robison from the Mission Presidents of the European Mission. It shows how closely akin are all our organizations. As these sisters were meeting, their thoughts went out to those laboring at Relief Society headquarters.

May every success attend these faithful women.

Liege, Belgium
July 2, 1935.

Mrs. Louise Y. Robison,
President, Relief Society General Board,
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sister Robison:

Here in Liege, city of many memories for you, the European Mission Presidents and Mission Mothers are in conference and send love and greetings to you, and to all the members of the General Board.

The musical chimes still waken us at five o'clock in the morning. The near-by flower market is as lovely as ever. Do you recall the clusters of white flowers at every stall, especially the white gladioli and peonies, and then the old-fashioned things like pinks and moss roses?

The baker's man comes to the door with his long, unwrapped loaves under his arms, the milkman delivers from cans attached to a yoke that he wears across his shoulders, and the farmer's wife comes to town with a long pole in either hand, from which are suspended her bundles of fresh strawberries.

The women scrub their stone door-

steps and walls, and wash the sidewalks daily, and both men and women pull heavy carts up the steep hills, with sometimes a dog helping with the burden, pulling between tugs at the rear end of the cart.

We walked up to the Citadel, where we saw the war monuments, the Meuse, with its seven bridges, and the distant hills down which the German army came swarming on Liege. We thought if you could manage the four hundred and forty-three steps descending from the Citadel we could do likewise, and we did, and still arrived at meeting the following morning on time.

The conference has been wonderful. It has been conducted by President Merrill, with a fine judicial point of view and breadth of vision. We all feel a new inspiration and eagerness to continue with our work. The meetings have been characterized by a frankness and honesty of discussion, opinion, and narration of experiences that we all deeply appreciate. Our six-and-a-half hour testimony meeting Sunday was a spiritual feast for us all. The Spirit of the Lord was there in great abundance.

We have spent much time in discussing Relief Society work, and the understanding we have attained of each other's mission problems in this activity, has created in each of us an enlargement of vision, and a desire to begin more earnest and intelligent work. As Sister Merrill expects to report these activities we shall not go into further detail, except to state that we are deeply appreciative of the help and cooperation you have given us.

We meet all day every day in the L. D. S. chapel on the hillside, and the Liege Relief Society has proved, as usual, indispensable in any Church undertaking. The sisters have done some valiant work, cooking hot vegetable dinners for us down stairs—valiant because of the stifling weather and the coal stoves they use. It has been an excellent thing for us to have a vegetable, salad, fruit dinner along Word of Wisdom lines, with a bit of home-made French pastry thrown in occasionally. We feel that our entire experience here has been of the greatest value to us in our efforts to carry out our responsibilities as our Father in Heaven desires us to do.

Sincerely your sisters,

Emily T. Merrill,
European Mission.
Axeline N. Peterson,
Swedish Mission.
Elizabeth H. Welker,
German-Austrian Mis.
Martha K. Gaeth,
Czechoslovakian Mis.
Vivian E. Knudsen,
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Netherlands Mission.
Susan G. Kelly,
Swiss-German Mission.
Bertha Pivamian,
Palestine-Syrian Mis.

Lesson Department

(For Second Week in February)

Theology and Testimony

LESSON V. THE PROPHET IN RETIREMENT (Concluded)

1. *Undaunted in Adversity.* It is impressive to make note of the fact that even while the Prophet was in retirement and his enemies continuously sought to slay him, yet he went steadily forward in the cause of the Lord, exhorting, prophesying, and expounding the truth. His energy never slackened; he turned neither to the right nor the left. He cared but little for his own comfort and welfare; his first concern was for the saints. He feared no man, not even those who daily thought to destroy him. His one determination was to teach righteousness and to serve the God of Israel with all his might and soul. Little wonder that under such conditions he gave to the world some of the choicest truths of his ministry! In the present lesson, emphasis will be placed on the doctrinal development of the church during this period of persecution.

2. *Soul Breathings of the Prophet.* It is said that the true character of an individual is best shown under the stress of isolation and personal hardship. Under such conditions, the Prophet was staunch, and true, and unwavering.

3. His *love for the saints* is well shown in the following statement extracted from a letter written to Major-General Law of the Nauvoo Legion while the Prophet was in hiding: "We will take every measure that lays in our power, and make every sacrifice that God or man could require at our hands to protect the peace and safety of the people without collision. *And if sacrificing my own liberty for months and years, * * * I bow to my fate with cheerfulness* and all due deference, in consideration of the lives, safety, and welfare of others."

4. The Prophet's *gratitude* to those who assisted him during the time of his retirement is well voiced in the following words: "My heart would have been harder than an adamantine stone, if I had not prayed for them with anxious and fervent desire. I did so, and the still small voice whispered to my soul: These, that share your toils with such faithful hearts, shall reign with you in the kingdom of their God; but I parted with them in silence and came to my retreat. I hope I shall see them again, that I may toil for them, and administer to their comfort also. *They shall not want a friend while I live; my heart shall love those, and my hands shall toil for those, who love and toil for me,* and shall ever be found faithful to my friends. Shall I be ungrateful? Verily no! God forbid!" (*History of the Church,* Vol. V, p. 109.)

5. The fervency of his prayer is surpassed perhaps only by that of the Master in Gethsemane. "O Thou, who seest and knowest the hearts of all men, * * * look down upon Thy servant Joseph at this time; and let faith on the name of Thy Son Jesus Christ, to a greater degree than Thy servant ever yet has enjoyed, be conferred upon him,

even the faith of Elijah; and let the lamp of eternal life be lit up in his heart, never to be taken away; and let the words of eternal life be poured upon the soul of Thy servant, that he may know Thy will, Thy statutes, and Thy commandments, and Thy judgments, to do them." (*History of the Church,* Vol. V, p. 127.)

6. *The Book of Abraham.* In the preceding lesson it was pointed out that the Prophet was arrested in June of 1841 at the instigation of Governor Boggs of Missouri, on the charge of being a fugitive from justice. The case was later heard before Judge Stephen A. Douglas and the charge dismissed. Again in August of 1842 the Prophet was arrested on the charge of being an accessory before the fact in the shooting of ex-Governor Boggs. Within the interim between these two arrests, specifically during the winter of 1841-2, the Prophet completed the translation of the Book of Abraham and prepared it for publication. (For a full discussion of this matter the reader is referred to Roberts' *Comprehensive History of the Church,* Vol. II, pp. 126-128.) The high character of the Prophet's work and the fidelity and accuracy with which he produced it, even in the face of bitter and relentless persecution, are unexplainable except that he was divinely inspired.

7. *The Wentworth Letter.* Another document of great historical and doctrinal importance was published at this time, specifically in the spring of 1842. It was written by the Prophet at the request of Mr. John Wentworth, editor and proprietor of the *Chicago Democrat,* who said that he wanted the information for his friend, Mr. Bastow, who was preparing a history of New Hampshire. Although the letter comprises scarcely six pages in the Prophet's record, yet it is one of the most concise and at the same time comprehensive, narratives of early Church history to be found in Mormon literature. It also contains an unequalled epitome of Church doctrines, which has since been called the *Articles of Faith.* Almost countless numbers of the *Articles of Faith* have been published; they have been translated into many languages; and they have been carried to the ends of the earth. They were not written as the result of prolonged and studied effort. On the contrary, they were merely part of a letter sent to an inquiring friend. Their conciseness, comprehensiveness, and simplicity of treatment may well be regarded as evidence that he who wrote them was indeed inspired of the Lord. (For the entire letter see *History of the Church,* Vol. IV, pp. 535-541.)

8. *Prophecy regarding the Rocky Mountains.* On the 6th day of August, 1842, while the extradition papers for the Prophet's return to Missouri were still pending, he in company with several others, went across the river to Montrose, Iowa. A number of the brethren were standing in the shade of a building discussing the subject of persecutions in Missouri and the constant annoyance that had followed the saints to Illinois and Iowa. The Prophet makes record of the following as part of the conversation: "I prophesied that the saints would continue to suffer much affliction and would be driven to the Rocky Mountains, many would apostatize, others would be put to death by our persecutors or lose their lives in consequence of exposure or disease, and some of you will live to go and assist in making settlements and build cities and see the saints become a mighty people in the midst of the

Rocky Mountains." (*History of the Church,* Vol. V, p. 85.)

9. Anson Call, who was present when the prophecy was made, and who later came to Utah and helped in building several of its settlements, bears testimony that he heard the Prophet utter this prediction. He states that in front of the school house was a bowery, beneath which was a barrel of ice water. The Prophet had tasted the water and had warned the brethren not to drink too freely; then with the tumbler still in his hand, he made the prediction recorded above. (See *History of the Church,* Vol. V, pp. 85, 86.) The literal fulfilment of this prophecy is a matter of common knowledge.

10. *Baptism for the Dead.* Throughout the period of his retirement, the Prophet was deeply concerned in the matter of baptism for the dead. Although he had mentioned it on several previous occasions, yet it seemed to occupy an unusually prominent position in his mind at this time. When he appeared from seclusion and attended the meeting of the Relief Society, he informed those present that he intended to speak to the saints on this subject in the near future.

11. In the afternoon of September 1, 1842, during a brief respite of semi-seclusion at home, he addressed a letter to the saints dealing chiefly with this matter, but said that he was writing in haste because of the alertness of his enemies. He explained to the saints the cause of his secluson and expressed the hope that he would soon be with them again. He abjured them to be diligent in their work on the temple; indeed he asked them to redouble their efforts, and reminded them that the prophets and righteous men of old were persecuted before them. He gave instruction concerning the keeping of records, and closed with the promise that inasmuch as he was unable to address the saints, he would write them from time to time. (See *D. & C.,* Section 127.)

12. Again, on the 6th of September, 1842, while in seclusion at the home of Brother Edward Hunter, Nauvoo, he wrote another letter to the saints dealing chiefly with the subject of baptism for the dead. He says: "I now resume the subject of the baptism for the dead, as that subject seems to occupy my mind and press itself upon my feelings the strongest, since I have been pursued by my enemies." (*D. & C.* 128:1.) He again emphasizes the necessity of keeping records and having them witnessed by two or more competent persons and says that this is in conformity with the will of God, prepared for the salvation of the dead before the foundation of the world. (Verses 2-5.)

13. He declares that the ordinance of baptism for the dead is a function only of the priesthood through revelation of Jesus Christ, wherein he promised that "whatsoever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." He remarks that some will regard this as a very old doctrine, but answers the objection by stating that whenever the Lord has established a dispensation of the priesthood by actual revelation, this power has always been given. He further declares that "For him to whom these keys (of the priesthood) are given, there is no difficulty in obtaining a knowledge of facts in relation to the salvation of the children of men, both as well for the dead as for the living." (Verse 11.)

14. Then he makes the following appeal: "Brethren, shall we not go on in so great a cause? Go forward and not backward. Courage, breth-

ren; and on, on to the victory! Let your hearts rejoice, and be exceedingly glad. Let the earth break forth into singing. Let the dead speak forth anthems of eternal praise to the King Immanuel, who hath ordained before the world was that which would enable us to redeem them out of their prison; for the prisoners shall go free. Let the mountains shout for joy, and all ye valleys cry aloud; and all ye seas and dry lands tell the wonders of your Eternal King." (Verses 22, 23.) This does not sound like discouragement or despair, and remember that it was written only three days after the Prophet fled from the back door of his home while his enemies were pounding at the front for admission.

15. *The Stamp of Divinity.* In point of service to the children of God, the doctrine of baptism for the dead marks the Prophet Joseph as the outstanding benefactor to mankind of all modern churchmen. Many sectarians have declared that those who do not have the opportunity to hear and receive the Gospel cannot be saved; others of the more merciful type, have passively taken the stand that God will be just. But no one except the Prophet has provided a means by which the saving principles of the Gospel can reach the dead as well as the living. Christianity, in its sectarian form, reaches but a very small fraction of the children of God, but as revealed through Joseph Smith, it reaches all.

16. *Comprehensiveness of Mormonism.* On the first day of January, 1843, while the Prophet was awaiting trial at Springfield, Illinois, before Judge Pope of the Federal court, he made the following statement to Mr. Justin Butterfield, United States district attorney: "The most prominent difference in sentiment between the Latter-day Saints and sectarians was that the latter were all circumscribed by some peculiar creed, *which deprived its members of the privilege of believing anything not contained therein,* whereas the Latter-day Saints have no creed, but *are ready to believe all true principles that exist, as they are made manifest from time to time.*" (*History of the Church,* Vol. V, p. 215.)

17. From the standpoint of breadth of vision and comprehensiveness of purpose, this statement doubtless surpasses any principle ever announced by the sectarian world. To the Latter-day Saints it possesses a two-fold purpose: It contains the announcement that the Church has no creed, which in substance may be interpreted to mean that its members should be slow indeed to reach dogmatic conclusions concerning things of which little is known. (Doubtless this applies with especial emphasis to teachers within the Church.) The other part of the statement announces that the Latter-day Saints are ready to accept all truth as it is made known from time to time. This of course applies both to truth revealed by the Prophet of God and to truth discovered by his children. It makes of Mormonism the most comprehensive of all religions—really the system of universal truth— and it encourages Latter-day Saints to delve into every honorable field of research, knowing that whenever truth is found it comes from God, the creator of heaven and earth and all things within them.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. When are you personally the most easily discouraged, in times of hardship or of ease? Why?

2. Are you personally willing to sacrifice your own pleasures for months and years for the welfare of others? If so, why? If not, why not?

3. What does the Book of Abraham contain? Give a brief review.

4. Can you recite the Articles of Faith? Try.

5. Are you heeding the Prophet's advice to go forward in the great cause of baptism for the dead? Are you converted to it? How fully do your deeds reveal the extent of your conversion?

6. To what extent are you willing to accept truth when it comes to you? Are you obeying the instructions of the modern Prophet with respect to the Word of Wisdom? Tithing? Loyalty?

7. Do you really love the truth? When it comes to you are you willing to accept? When the Prophet speaks are you willing to obey?

Teachers' Topic

(For February, 1935)

"A soft answer turneth away wrath,
But grievous words stir up anger."
Prov. 15:1.

TO assume that life can go on with an even tenor of its days for any individual is a fallacy as we all know. In this proverb we have a formula for obtaining mastery over situations that might cause regrets and damage beyond repair. "One hot word, one peevish reflection, one angry demand, one spiteful contradiction, begets another, and a third, and so on, till it proves like the cutting of a dam: when the water has got a little passage, it does itself widen the breach, bears down before it, and then there is no stopping it, no reducing it."

Why does a soft answer turn away wrath? Wrath is usually exhibited by loud harsh words or manners that are unseemly. To meet wrath with a soft word when harsh words were expected in return is to give the individual time to recover himself. Here again the element of contrast may be used to good advantage and the surprise of such a coping with the situation usually ends the disagreeableness and respect is engendered for those exercising self-control by refusing to be badgered into resentful words.

Christ has given us the high law of action: "And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other." We might very well call the above proverb the "forerunner" to bring us to this higher law for if we cannot control our own tongue how then can we turn the other cheek?

This proverb deals with the pressing necessity of the moment. The Apostle Paul goes a little farther in his epistle to the Ephesians when he admonished them saying: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath. * * * Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth."

The applicability of this proverb is universal. The mother, the father, the husband, the wife, the teacher, the student, find this an equally valuable code of conduct in their relationships. Angelo Patri, the famous child authority, has said that the surest way to catch the attention of an angry, clamoring child is to answer its loudness with a mildness of speech and a softness of voice.

Browning in his poem, "A Wom-

an's Last Word," describes a man and wife quarreling, and the wife (a very wise woman) stops the dispute with a word not of anger, but of reconciliation. She says it is fatal for you and me, who have every reason for living together to become so absorbed in our quarrel that we lose Paradise.

"Let's contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep;
All be as before, Love,
—Only sleep.

"What so wild as words are?
I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
Hawk on bough!

"See the creature stalking
While we speak!
Hush and hide the talking,
Cheek on cheek.

"What so false as truth is,
False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is,
Shun the tree—

"Where the apple reddens,
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I."

To meet the fire of wrathful words with the self-control extinguisher of soft answers—here is wisdom for all.

1. Discuss in connection with this proverb the proverb:

"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water;
Therefore leave off contention before it rolleth onward."

Handwork Department

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

THE Work and Business program is not only to help the needy but to teach how to improve and beautify the home. Handicraft for Everywoman is full of ideas and suggestions for home decoration and improvement.

Stake or ward leaders should use it to make plans for the handicraft section. See last paragraph in "Foreword" by President Robison.

At the first meeting introduce it with so much enthusiasm that "everywoman everywhere" must have a book. Read the Foreword to the members, also part of Acknowledgments emphasizing third paragraph. Summarize "Contents." Use any good method your prolific minds suggest to do the work. Questions and suggestions are welcomed by the General Board.

Suggestive Study on Consumer Problems

THE changes that have occurred in general economic conditions since 1929 have forced drastic readjustments of all kinds. As a result business is struggling along attempting to find its way to a new basis. Likewise consumption has greatly changed and consumers are gradually working their way towards new standards on stable grounds. Consumer interests are as broad as their desires from the penny article to the more expensive tapestry or painting. How to get the most satisfaction for these desires and human needs as food, clothing, health, recreation, investments, and other things according to the income and

standards of the family is the big problem of consumption. The aim of these discussions is:

1. To make women consumer-conscious.

2. To urge housewives to become intelligent buyers.

3. To aid in better cooperation with local grocers and markets it is to help educate the consumer in problems vital in increasing the purchasing power beyond their own every-day needs. The majority of people are trying to make ends meet, but when confronted with the problem of readjustment to lower standards, these efforts and trends toward better economic conditions will need be supplemented by careful study in consumption. The household buyer must balance her own needs against her purchasing power in terms of merchandise within her own possibilities. She needs to know her marketing problems and if she would be a better buyer she needs to consider her present buying custom, such as:

1. Box, package, sack, can, or small, medium and large, rather than weight or measure, are terms used to describe quantities of goods bought.

2. Little attention is paid to name of producer.

3. Labels on packaged or canned goods not read.

4. Does not ask for brands.

5. Does not look for forms or composition.

6. Relies too much on advice of clerks and salesmen.

7. Influenced by flowery advertising.

8. Acts too much on judgment of friends.

Questions

1. Define consumption.

2. Differentiate between consumers and producers when discussing these problems.

3. What percentage of household buying is done by women.

4. What in your opinion are some of the difficulties involved in household buying.

5. Why have consumer problems been slow to receive public attention as far as government policy is concerned.

6. Discuss the buying habits of the women in your community.

References

Bureau of Home Economics, Washington, D. C.

Bureau of Labor Statistics, Washington, D. C.

Consumers Counsel A. A. A., Washington, D. C.

Consumers Advisory N. R. A., Washington D. C.

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American Home Economics Ass., Baltimore, Md.

Government Bulletins.

Bulletins and Leaflets from local High Schools and Colleges.

Literature

(For Third Week in February)

ADVENTURES IN READING

BOOK FRIENDS

"Come, my best friends, my books!
And lead me on."—*Cowley.*

MEN and Women of Bookland —what a delectable company! Characters made not born, the creation of a poet's brain. Sinking men to men, nation to nation, century to century they have become monuments to the creator of Man.

Friends and companions of Man, he summons you at will to do his bidding, to jest and smile with him, to push back far horizons, renew a vision of beauty, to whisper a message of hope. By man for man you were made, from man to man you go, "The choir invisible whose music is the gladness of the world."

Book Friends

To create a character and send it down the ages to be a friend to man of all climes and conditions is the work of a master artist spirit. Literature has a gallery of men and women of such variety and humanity that to know them makes "The whole world kin." No nation is foreign when we may become a bookland visitor at will. Book people are world citizens. As the years pass, the friends of the reader form a goodly company. No two companies, however, will be alike. In some lists of book friends, Horace, Omar Khayyam, Carlyle, Goethe will find a place; in others Ibsen, Stevenson, Dr. Johnson will be favorites. But to all the world the great characters of literature are friends, among the most-loved characters are the universal favorites: Ulysses in Homer's "Iliad" and especially in his "Odyssey," King Arthur in Malory's "Morte D'Arthur" and Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," Beatrice in Dante's "Divine Comedy," Don Quixote in Cervantes' "Don Quixote," Falstaff in Shakespeare's "Henry IV" (Parts I and II) and "Merry Wives of Windsor," Hamlet in Shakespeare's "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," Robinson Crusoe in Daniel Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Faust in Goethe's "Faust," Leatherstocking in James Fennimore Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales," Pippa in Robert Browning's "Pippa Passes," Becky Sharp in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," David Copperfield in Dickens' "David Copperfield," Silas Marner in George Eliot's "Silas Marner," Jean Valjean in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," and Uncle Remus in Joel Chandler Harris' "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings," and "Nights with Uncle Remus." They call to us these book friends, to laugh with them, love with them, and dream with them.

"Men and Women" — Robert Browning

Robert Browning, Victorian contemporary of Alfred Tennyson, analyzed and interpreted the complexities of human life. Whether he was writing drama or dramatic monologues, the literary form which he largely perfected and popularized, his chief interest was the "History of Souls."

The student of the life of Browning is struck with its consistency, its robust courage, and its joy of living. Browning through life was a theist—"God's in his heaven, all's well with the world" was his creed. Life to him was a period of probation and it was man's duty to

"Hold on hope hard, in the subtle thing
That's spirit: though cloistered fast soul free."

The poet's doctrine of individualism is the key to his message. Few men have remained as true to their purpose as Robert Browning. In fifty-seven years of creative labor,

"Italy was his second country, The Alps, Appenines, the blue waters of the Mediterranean, every pine forest, church, palace, town-hall, painting or marketplace, every great life that had honored, admired or made romantic Italy, the great mother of beauty was his inspiration." All that he met and remembered was woven into lyric or narrative or drama in his heart. His best and finest work, "Men and Women" chiefly dramatic monologues is one of the notable achievements of English poetry.

No other writer has so effectively used his imaginative ability to create representations where the mental characters of individuals are revealed by themselves as Browning has done in his dramatic monologues. The poet's purpose was not only to portray individuals, but to present the characteristics of an age, a type of people, a religion, or an emotion. For his situations he searched the annals of humanity, history, and literature, for his inspiration he mingled freely in the world of men and women. The drama was the first literary form used by Browning for his literary expression, but this was a mistake. The stage only reveals characters in action. Therefore, the plays "Paracelsus," "Strafford," "The Return of the Druses," and others were failures, because they were silent dramas of the mind and heart of man. It was necessary then for the poet to find a new literary form for his great purpose:

"For a nobler stage the soul itself
Its shifting fancies and celestial lights,
With all its grand orchestral silences
To keep the pauses of the rythmic sounds."

The scenery is laid in the chambers of thought, his persons are feelings, his situations are emotions, his crises and catastrophies are moods. The new form originated for this great expression was the dramatic monologue. Mrs. Orr in her excellent work, "The Handbook to Browning," states, "These monologues in which the human spirit is represented as communing with itself, contains some of the poet's noblest dramatic work."

In the last poem written, the poet gives a faithful analysis of himself:

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.
Sleep to wake."

Pippa, the Silk-Winder of Asolo

One of the most valuable legacies left to the world by Browning is the spirit of good cheer found in Pippa's song, "God's in his heaven;" it is the epitome of the poet's philosophy of life.

"Pippa Passes," a drama for reading, published in 1849, won for Browning his first public recognition. The poem is a lyrical soliloquy and the dramatic element is introduced by dialogue throughout the four acts. The action represents the course of one day—"Morning," "Noon," "Evening," and "Night," the four acts. The occasion—Pippa, the girl from the silk-mills of Asolo, has a holiday, it is New Year's Day. Pippa resolves as she springs out of bed this first day of the year, to make it an inspiration for the whole year. Her plan is to impersonate the happiest persons in Asolo. Ottima and Se-

bald, happy lovers, shall have the morning; Jules and Phene, the bride and bridegroom, shall have the noonday; Lugi and his mother, contented and peaceful, shall have the evening; and Monsignor, a holy man of God, shall have the night.

Ottima and Sebald have murdered the husband, and Ottima is trying to silence the remorse of her lover, showing no sorrow for the murder of her husband. She has succeeded in dulling his conscience till Pippa passes singing her song—

"God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."

and their hearts are softened to seek an end to their wickedness.

Jules, the gifted young sculptor, has been cheated in his wife. He thought her cultured and refined, but he finds her an ignorant girl. At first he is angry but later realizing his moral responsibility, decides to give her all the money he can spare and let her go. He is just doing so when Pippa passes singing her song. His conscience awakens and he decides to keep his wife and educate her soul.

Lugi and his mother are in their turret. He believes his mission is to kill the Austrian Emperor. His mother is pleading with him, using the lover Chiara as a plea. The mother has almost succeeded when Pippa passes singing of a great and just king of days gone by. Lugi renews his courage to crush tyranny in the form of the Emperor. He goes out to perform his mission missing the police who were awaiting him.

The dusk awakens into night as Pippa approaches the Duomo St. Maria. Some girls are sitting on the steps exchanging wishes as they watch for Pippa, to lure her into conversation. Monsignor is planning Pippa's destruction. She is the child of his brother and stands between him and the wealth he is enjoying. Everything has been arranged for the girl's disappearance when, unrecognized, she passes singing of her childhood and her trust in God. Something in her song stings the conscience of Monsignor and the plan is abandoned.

Pippa goes home at the end of the only holiday of the year, unconscious of the power of good she has wielded by the suggestions of her simple songs. The poem is unique in form and conception, the language musical and dramatic, and the message of universal appeal. The poet, Browning, acknowledges his personal preference for this poem.

Charles Dickens, Novelist

To know the life of Charles Dickens, of his home life, of the environments of his youth, and when famous, of his unhappy wedded life, gives the reader of his works a deeper admiration than he had before.

Charles Dickens, one of the most popular novelists of the nineteenth century and one of the greatest humorists that England has produced, was born at Sandport, a suburb of Chelsea, February 7, 1812. John Dickens, the father of Charles, was employed as a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, Portsmouth. Thus the venerable chalk hills, the deep green lanes, woodland and marshes of Rochester and Chatham became in the words of Charles Dickens "the birthplace of his fancy." The very first number of "Pickwick Papers" describes the ancient yet homely Rochester, and it was at Chatham that poor little David Copperfield on his solitary tramp to Dover "slept his Sunday night's sleep near a cannon happy in the society of the sentry's footsteps." Dickens de-

scribes himself as a queer small boy, a not over particularly cared for boy. After his mother had taught him to read he was sent with his sister, Fanny, to a small private school. For his sister, Fanny, Dickens evinced the tenderest attachment and there are many unmistakable allusions in his works, "My sister doubly dear, doubly devoted, lived on to see me famous, gentle as ever, happy, and with no concern but for her brother." During the early school days at Chatham, Charles Dickens had one personal friend, George Stronghill, reproduced as Steerforth in "David Copperfield." The two great passions of the childhood of Dickens were writing and acting, and he was most happy when engaged in one of them, generally acting.

The pleasant days came to an end when the family returned to London. John Dickens was unfortunate in losing his income, and when he fell into debt he was consigned to prison. It would not be fair to identify John Dickens absolutely with the immortal "Micawber" except in certain details of manner and incident. Charles was sent to work in a factory while his parents were in prison. Between fact and fiction there is but a difference of names. Murdstone and Grinby's wine warehouse in "David Copperfield" was the factory of Jonathan Warren where the young Charles toiled. Dickens, in relating this sad period of his life, says, "No words can express the secret agony of my soul during these days when I felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast." After the release of his father from prison, things took a turn for the better. Charles was sent to school and Wellington House probably furnished the portraits of Mr. Creakle and Mr. Mell in "David Copperfield."

At the age of seventeen Dickens had to plan for himself. He sought employment as a reporter. He made himself the best reporter in the Gallery of the House of Commons. Once more David Copperfield, the double of Charles Dickens will rise in the memory of every one of his readers. His heart was full of its first love. In later days he was not of the opinion that he had loved particularly wisely, but how well he loved is known to everyone who after him has lost his heart to Dora.

In December, 1833, the *Monthly Magazine* published a sketch Dickens had sent to the editor, and with eyes dimmed with joy and pride the young author beheld his first born in print. The stepping stones to fame had been found and passed in March, 1836, with the first publication of "Pickwick Papers." There is none like the writings of Dickens for unflagging and never unwise merriment. If there is nothing so humorous in "Pickwick Papers" as Sam Weller, there is nothing so pathetic in it as the relation between him and his master.

During the years of literary fame Dickens resided chiefly in London. "David Copperfield," his autobiographical novel, was written during frequent holidays at Broadstairs. In 1842 Dickens visited America, where he received an enthusiastic welcome. "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" are the product of this visit.

The readers of Dickens admire his skill in telling a story and in painting portraits, his frolicsome humor and general kindliness and goodness of heart and his readiness to smite entrenched evil in the hope of leaving a better world behind. Of the large gallery of portraits, those that will

linger in our memory are Mrs. Gamp, Fagin; Peggoty; the others have become universal types—Mr. Micawber, Mrs. Jellyby, Old Scrooge, Mr. Pechshiff, Uriah Heap.

"David Copperfield"

To Charles Dickens, "David Copperfield" was his favorite child. The story was in part his own story as it became "The Personal History of David Copperfield" imagination colored, experiences, smiles, and banished tears.

In the opening chapters of the novel we see David and his pretty child-mother, Peggoty his nurse with her unexaggerated goodness; her needle-marked finger, and her red cheeks. The early visit of Peggoty's family was a great occasion to David. Yarmouth, the fishing port, became a veritable Aladdin's lamp to David's childish imagination. The romantic boat-house, its owner, Mr. Peggoty, a "bacheldore;" its inmates, Ham, his nephew; little Emily, his niece; and Mrs. Gummidge, his old fishing partner's widow. It was a glorious two months.

David returned home to find his home and mother in the hands of her new husband, Mr. Murdstone, and his sister, Jane, a grim thin-lipped, metallic woman. The Murdstone passages are hard to read. David is disciplined by flogging and isolation in his room. Finally he is sent away to school. The school, its masters, and its pupils are vividly portrayed. The unscrupulous Mr. Creakle is a relief from the Murdstones. At Salem House tear-blotted copy books and whippings were his portion. David the lonely child, gave all his love and idolatry to a Jonathan, in a big, handsome, strong, kind boy, James Steerforth. To Tommy Traddles, another unfortunate boy, David owed his enduring tenderness towards life.

The death of David's "little mother" left him alone in the world save for Peggoty. He was sent to London to work in the wine factory of Murdstone and Grinby. Living with the Micawbers, life was a struggle with poverty. The immortal Micawber was always "waiting for something to turn up" to solve his problem. Mrs. Micawber did her best to help the family resources by keeping a school, a Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies. When the Micawbers were imprisoned for debt, David helped the family as long as he could. His own miserable condition was relieved when Nurse Peggoty sent him money to go to his aunt, Betsy Trotwood, at Dover. Robbed of his money, David trudged along, starved and weary. It was a ragged figure that came to Betsy Trotwood in her garden one morning. It was the beginning of a new life for David.

Now known as Trotwood Copperfield life was a new type of adventure with a pair of delightful eccentrics, Miss Trotwood and her loyal friend, Mr. Dick, as guardians. Later David was sent to school at Canterbury. Boarding at the home of Mr. Wickfield, the lawyer, David has for a companion, Agnes Wickfield, a girl of his own age. All his perplexities, hopes, and dreams, David poured out to Agnes. Upon the loss of Betsy Trotwood's fortune, David was forced again to go out into the world. This time he became a reporter of the Parliamentary debates; later he wrote for magazines. Then David met Dora, a diminutive frail little blossom of a woman. It was a tender meeting. Dora is a wonderful creation. The courtship, marriage, and death of Dora are affecting records of a child-wife, her

little follies, her shortcomings, and her sweet lovableness.

The story of James Steerforth is closely interwoven with that of David Copperfield. Steerforth had visited the boat-house of the Peggoty's at Yarmouth with Copperfield on one occasion. Guided by his own restless will and aided by his mother's wealth, Steerforth was lounging through life taking what he wished for his pleasure. After the death of Dora, David returned to Yarmouth for rest and quiet. Ham, a physical giant with the heart of a gentleman, loved Little Emily. The wedding was arranged, but Little Emily left before with Steerforth. Peggoty went and found his little girl and brought her back. Years later David was visiting Yarmouth again. A storm was raging. Ham went to the aid of a sinking vessel. This storm took as its victims, Ham, the valiant sailor, and Steerforth, the human derelict.

The characters are all at home again when the Micawbers return from Australia, financially secure. The perfidy of Uriah Heep, Mr. Wickfield's 'umble assistant, is discovered. Betsy Trotwood's fortune is recovered. Traddles is happy and successful. David marries Agnes. Life continues in serenity.

To end "David Copperfield," the tenderest, truest thing ever said about its author was said at the Dickens Centennary in London, 1912, by the Bishop of London: "Dickens' way of interesting people helped him immensely to find an interest in those people. Ah, if we only had his insight, we, too, would find something to care for, to love and to pity in every human being that lives."

Guide to Preparation

A. Suggested topics for Lesson Assignments.
   1. Book Friends.
      Personal reports by three members of books they consider friends.
   2. The great characters of Literature.
      Select a few of the characters given in the lesson for brief reports.
   3. Review: Pippa Passes.
   4. Charles Dickens, Humanist.
   5. David Copperfield and His Creator.
   6. Reading: "The Bishop's Candlesticks from "Les Miserables."

Guide to Reading

A. Take the great literary characters mentioned in the lesson and renew or make a new acquaintance with them.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in February)

LESSON V. THE NEW FAMILY HOME

Text: Civic Sociology, Edward A. Ross, Chapter VI.

The General purposes of this lesson are:

1. To appreciate the importance of the home in modern civilization.

2. To acquire, through increased knowledge, a greater feeling of responsibility in building a better home.

"A nation is what its homes are. With these it rises and falls, and it can rise no higher than the level of its home life." Wise, Stephen S., "Parent Versus Child."

A review of the principal facts in the rise and fall of nations will show a very close relation between the success of a people as a nation and the success of the average family in that nation as a unit. The family has been rightfully called the basic institution of society upon which all other institutions have been built.

In social studies an institution is described as an established phase of the public mind. It is the universally approved method of organizing and regulating the relations of men and women in performing a desirable and needed social function. A number of basic institutions are recognized, among which may be mentioned, in addition to the family, the church as an organized system of religious expression; education as the authorized means of passing the information of the day on to the next generation; government as an accepted means of control of social action, and property as the established means of protecting individual property rights. Others may be mentioned, but probably none are as basic.

The ultimate right of all institutions to exist is the efficient performance of desirable social functions. Wherever these functions are not performed efficiently the institution should be so modified and changed that it will serve the best interests of society.

The home is called basic in institutional life, because from it evolves the very nature of social organization and national security. From it the child derives his basic ideas of obedience, of citizenship, of respect for authority, his spiritual and religious ideals, and even his ideas of speech. Upon the integrity of the home rests the future promises of life itself.

The home of today stands out in marked contrast to the home of earlier periods. It is losing many of its desirable social functions. A primitive woman was not only a mother; she was a farmer, a carrier of burdens, a miller, stoneworker, basketmaker, weaver, potter, meat curer, cook, and baker. In many of these arts the women were extremely skilled. In many North American Indian tribes the women held a position of supreme importance, often having rights superior to those of the men in such things as land transfers, negotiating terms of alliance, the holding of the wealth of the tribe, and important legislative and judicial matters.

The typical North American pioneer home is still remembered in most communities. In periods of economic insecurity we read almost with envy of the bounteous provision of a well managed home, the work being largely that of the mother of the family. (See text, p. 75.) The Mormon pioneers were exceptional in establishing admirable home conditions under trying circumstances, and the women were examples of frugality and social accomplishment.

"Spinning wheels and rope bottomed chairs made of willow and buckskin graced the rooms, and well-made rag carpets covered the floor of the living room. In many of the homes were musical instruments. * *

"Each home was a center of hospitality. Strangers along the highways were never refused meat and bread. The people shared with one another, and the 'parties' and games of those bygone days made everybody happy. Their friendship for one another grew with the years. It

was a common saying among travelers: 'Where the bishop lives, there we will receive a hearty welcome.' If one settler lost his crop, the others helped him through the winter. If a man was unable to work, 'the neighbors turned out to assist him'." Young, "The Founding of Utah."

In spite of the difficult conditions under which people lived, such as their lack of convenient appliances with which to work, and of the economic difficulties in obtaining working materials, the pioneer home possessed, as a rule, the essentials for efficient social living. To it, the children and their friends turned for joy and amusement. For its upbuilding and sustenance they gave of their time and efforts. It was there that they received their social, civic, and spiritual ideals of life. By working with their fathers and mothers, and by enjoying common amusements, the children unconsciously absorbed those elements of industrial and social culture which are essential to national security and individual well being.

The modern family stands out in marked contrast to that of all previous ages. Ease, comfort, and release from many former difficulties are its characteristics. The technical processes of housekeeping have been reduced by automatic and electrically operated equipment. The hard labor of the home is often removed entirely, or performed by specialists from the outside. Central heating plants, thermostatically controlled; automatic air conditioning to maintain a comfortable temperature in both winter and summer, electric refrigeration; and the world's greatest music and lectures by the mere touch of a button, are just a few of the miracles which the modern home expects. While all the changes that have come into the modern home have brought ease, comfort and joy to the family, like all good things in life, each has its price.

As was pointed out in Lesson II the domination of the machine has deprived the home of its former socializing opportunities. More and more the duties and responsibilities of parents for the education, training, religious teaching, and even supervision of physical development, is being turned over to other agencies. The culture of the coming generation is too often the culture of outside socializing influences instead of the culture of the home. The challenge to parents is how to enjoy all the modern conveniences of our age and still maintain that spirit of the home, and those family ideals and cultures which will make of the family the basic institution of society, and thus build a still greater nation and spirituality.

"Real joy comes not from ease, not from riches, not from the applause of men, but from having done things that are worthwhile." Wilford T. Grenfell.

Activities

Read Proverbs 31:10-31.

Compare the ideals there set forth for a wife and mother in a home with the accomplishments of the pioneer women of North America and then with the accomplishments in homes of today. Does the comparison reveal any social obligation on the part of parents of today? If so, what?

Mission Lessons

HEALTH LESSONS 1935-36

LESSON V. FOODS

A GREAT French surgeon and scientist by the name of Doctor Lucas Chamtioneera, went to the Balkan countries some years ago, and made a study of the Roumanian people in their habits. He noted that in the rural districts they were pretty strictly vegetarian, while in the cities they had a mixed diet. He discovered that the rural Roumanian people where they were strictly vegetarian had one case of appendicitis to every two thousand two hundred of the rank and file, while in the cities where there was a mixed diet with meat added, there was one case to every two hundred and twenty. In other words there was ten times as much appendicitis with the meat eaters as there was with the vegetarians. This same great author says the same thing is true of the Arabs and the Japanese. The meat eating Arab has appendicitis, while the vegetarian Arab escapes. It seems to be a general rule that the eating of meat is one of the prominent causes of this dreaded disease.

Now nature indicates that we need some of that meat food to make up the waste of protein in the body. But if we take too much of it we predispose ourselves to appendicitis, and other diseases such as high blood pressure, chronic kidney inflammation, etc. We answer in the language of the Word of Wisdom, eat it sparingly, and especially in diminished quantities in the warm summer months. People who live entirely on vegetable foods develop anemia and lower their vitality accordingly. We should learn to be wise in all things. To replace the body wastes we need a mixed diet consisting of starches, fats and protein. If we leave any one of these out entirely, we throw our nutrition out of balance, just as we would by over-indulgence in any one of them.

Sugar is a necessary part of our diet. It is so nearly akin to starch that a very little chemical change converts the one into the other. Sugar is the gasoline to the engine. As the automobile has a gasoline tank to hold the overplus of fuel and deal it out gradually as the carburetor consumes it, so we have a storage tank in the liver which takes up the starch and converts it into glycogen, a form of sugar that can be held in reserve and doled out as the body needs to consume it.

Now this sugar cannot be used by the body until it is acted upon by insulin, a normal product of the pancreas. If we take too much sugar the pancreas is overworked and gives up its task completely and for good. This condition of failure of the pancreas to produce insulin is known as diabetes. The sugar which cannot be utilized because of the failure of insulin is thrown off by the kidneys. The individual so afflicted gradually loses weight and strength, and drinks quantities of water, there is great over-activity of the kidneys, and much discomfort from that cause. Nearly all the sugar, which is the real force producing part of the food, is thus thrown to the waste, the gradual decline ends finally in death.

Differing from most every other disease diabetes is a much more serious disease in young than in old people. A Canadian doctor named Banting learned how to extract the

insulin from the pancreas of the sheep. This can be used with a hypodermic syringe, and it offsets much of the disability of the diabetic, and may prolong life to the ordinary expectancy.

In the time of the American Civil War the per capita consumption of sugar was nine pounds per year, but at the present time in America it is over one hundred pounds per year, and diabetes has increased proportionately, until we have more than a million diabetics at the present time. The confectioners have put up sugar in such enticing forms in their fine chocolates and creams that children and young people particularly are tempted to eat altogether too much of it, and they are paying the price of their pleasure in later years by developing diabetes. We need some sugar of course in our diet, but we should carefully avoid over-indulgence in it. It occurs in such variable forms that it is hard to indicate just how much one should eat, and each will have to be his own judge, keeping in mind always moderation. Children should be restrained from eating large quantities of the various sweets and candies sold by the confectioners.

A great London surgeon, by the name of Sir Frederic Treeves, used to teach that the people who develop appendicitis almost invariably have the habit of swallowing their food whole without proper mastication. Not only appendicitis, but other digestive disturbances are caused by this indiscretion. Digestion is a chemical process, the purpose of which is to so reduce our food that it can be absorbed and assimilated. Common sense should teach us that the food should be ground fine in our mouth if we expect the proper chemical changes to occur in it in the stomach and intestine.

We should take a lesson from nature. The ox swallows his food whole at first, but nature has given him three stomachs instead of one. After he has filled the bunker with enough grass hastily eaten he goes and lies down under the shade of a tree and brings it back into his mouth and grinds and grinds it to a fine consistency, and then swallows it again, when it goes into another stomach ready to receive and digest it. This we call chewing the cud.

Now we ought to have as much sense as oxen, hadn't we? Instead of trying to atone for our diatetic sins by taking the pepsin of the ox's stomach for medicine, we ought to take hold of the other end of the problem, and learn to grind our own food to the proper consistency. We cannot chew the cud, but we can chew our food until it is reduced to the degree of fineness that will make digestion easy. We should avoid also over-eating, because an excess of food is not only unnecessary, but it is very harmful to the body.

Questions

What relation has meat eating to the development of appendicitis?

What are the three kinds of food we need to make good the wastes of the body?

What happens if we discard meat entirely and live on vegetable food only?

What does the Word of Wisdom say about meat eating?

What is the objection of eating too much sugar?

Describe the disease diabetes.

Show how it has increased in America, and state why.

What has science done to help the diabetic?

Why should we chew the food well before swallowing it?

Why should we avoid over-eating?

The Plea of the Relief Society Magazine

By Sarah A. Garvin

The material on this and the following pages was written for the Magazine campaign of 1934. We think some will be glad to use it in the coming drive.—Editor.

I AM not very large, but when even a small magazine goes out with the one object in life of doing good and bringing cheer and happiness it can fill its mission even if it is small. I am not so very old, my life began in 1914, but for one so young I have traveled to many lands. I always keep good company I never mix with cheap or poor magazines. You would never expect to find me in a rack in a pool-hall or at one of the many magazine stands about town, I keep better company, the best society is more to my liking.

Poor people are my friends and I am very happy when I can go to their homes and give them joy.

I have found my place in many homes and I have helped make many homes happy. I have seen the faded eyes of gray headed women brighten when I arrived and they carefully turned my leaves and with joy they read me.

I am never thrown on the floor or put in the waste basket. I remember one time after I was read I was carefully placed on a shelf and it seems I must have been sleeping and awoke hearing a discouraged voice saying: "We just cannot spare the money; there are always so many other things we need."

Then the gentle voice I knew said: "You may take my magazine, my dear, and I hope you enjoy it as I have."

Then I was taken from my resting place, how eagerly the trembling hands took me and I went to another home. It was a poor home but I was happy there for I was giving happiness to others. I thought how glad I would be if I could be sent to new homes, so more could enjoy me.

One time I lay on the table all day while a little mother was working. Things were going wrong, the baby cried, angry words were spoken. The mother was very tired and nervous. I lay there wanting to help her. The time came when I did help her. She took the baby and picked me up. Soon the baby was resting in her patient arms, and as she read me her nerves relaxed and peace came to her face. A few tears fell on my pages.

I HAVE the power to mellow my readers to tears. I was sent by kind friends to the home of a dear old lady. She had very little pleasure, I was so welcome there she read every page and pressed me to her lonely heart.

I heard her murmur, "Dear little magazine I love every page of you because you have helped me so much." This made me very happy.

One evening a father came home and I was right there in his paper rack. He picked me up and read my front pages, and said, "Mother, have you read this?"

She answered, "No I have not had time but can hardly wait to read it."

He told her it was the best article that he had read for a long time. I

began to flutter with joy at this remark, but I did not become conceited because I am sent out in the most humble and prayerful spirit and I must always carry that spirit into the homes. Many anxious hours are spent over me and I am criticized and re-arranged to bring you the best thoughts and brightest ideals that can be given by inspired minds.

The teachers' topics have been turning your thoughts to your Savior and the beautiful teachings and examples of his life. Wherever this message is given, women have paused to think of Him. You need to read the theology lessons to become acquainted with God's mercy and dealings with his children. These lessons carry a testimony of the restored gospel.

What enjoyment in the literary lesson to learn of great people in all lands and ages. You can forget your surroundings and live with the authors.

I am sure you all like the Social Service lessons.

Have you noticed that my stories carry a message to you? I make one feel more charitable to others.

These are a few of the things found each month in me.

I want to know you all. I want to help you all. Will you not let me?

Take me in your home and I will soon find my place in your hearts. I have so many friends.

You be my friend, let me come each month to you and at the end of a year you will say, "I have received more good and more joy from that dollar than any other dollar I have spent the last year."

MY MAGAZINE

By Mary P. Hoyt

I heard the postman whistle
As he went back down my walk,
And I thought, "My, he's early!"
As I glanced up at the clock.

My morning's work wasn't finished,
I had still some tasks to do,
But I looked into the mail box
For a letter, or maybe two.

With its pages folded over
Lightly pressed within the cleft
Of the box, was my magazine
The only thing he had left.

As I walked back around the house
Through my kitchen's open door,
I thought, "I wish I had time to read it."
And I turned the pages o'er.

I opened it at the editorial page
For there I knew I'd find,
Something worth the keeping
In the chambers of my mind.

"Some Pertinent Questions,"
The statement caught my eye
I read them once, twice, three times,
And then I breathed a sigh.

Does the temperature rise or fall
When I come into the room?
Am I fussy? Do I talk too much?
Or does my voice sound like a boom?

Am I given to fault-finding?
Am I untidy, selfish, lazy, or am I just?
Do I spend my time profitably?
Or am I only a pessimist?

These are some of the questions
My magazine offered to me,
And I paused on my way to the table,
Wondering, pondering, thinking deeply.

My thoughts rushed on and I pondered
With all of our daily rush,
Perhaps we aren't always dependable
And maybe we aren't always just.

Then I thought of the words of the Savior,
When he talked to the Pharisee,
When the lawyer tried to trap him
With the law and the man-made creed.

The first commandment is greatest,
The second is like the first
If we live for these two only,
Of people—we'll not be the worst.

The others of course are worth keeping,
Else they would not have been given,
Let's live to the best of our ability,
Then we'll be nearer the gates of heaven.

Program for Relief Society Magazine Campaign

By Clarinda M. Green

TWO children walk on stage carrying a large Relief Society Magazine. Magazine made out of large placards in form of book. Children dressed in pages costume enter at right and walk across to left of stage. Place magazine on stand while officers sing *"Our Magazine"* by Eliza Catmull.* As song is finished, one child turns the cover of the magazine and another child points to article on first page "Quinquennials" (July Mag. p. 408). As child points to article a Relief Society woman enters from right and briefly gives contents of that article. Exit. Child turns second page and another child points to article "Emotional Reactions to Unemployment and Relief" (July Mag. p. 387). Relief Society woman enters from right and gives contents of that article. Exit. Same action is carried out in the following articles:

Story. "To your Tents, O Israel" July Mag. p. 427.

Editorial "Utah State Flag" July Mag. p. 439.

"For Young Mothers" Feb. Mag. p. 98.

Poetry. "My Investment" by Estella Wilson Peterson. Frontispiece Oct. 1933 Mag.

"Happenings" from any magazine.

"Building a Diet" poem by Eliza Catmull.

"Notes from the Field" Dec. 1933 Mag.

"Notes to the Field" Aug. 1934 Mag.

Teachers' Topic. "Courage to Meet Life's Problems" Apr. Mag. p. 238.

"Your Home Beautiful" as child points to this article, curtain rises on

"A Home Beautiful"

Characters: Father, Mother, Betty age 10, Nora age 14, Nell age 16, Ted age 19. At right down center, father sitting in large easy chair reading *Relief Society Magazine.* Nora sitting on foot stool in front of him, studying. Nell and Ted sitting at each end of Library Table at center back, studying. Mother down left center working on yarn cushion with Betty watching her and holding candy dish in hand and eating candy. At end table with small bank on it at side of mother's chair.

Ted: Hey, Sis, Mother, put that candy dish down on this table, what is the big idea taking it off?

Betty: It's good.

Father: Sure it's good, bring it back here.

Nora: Yes, pass it around, you don't need it all. (Betty passes candy around).

Nell: Mother, this fudge is better than mine, where did you get the new recipe?

Betty: She got it out of the Relief Society Magazine and I helped make it.

Nora: Mother, we have to write an essay on Church Government for Seminary. Where can I find some information?

Mother: Doc. and Cov Section 20. Vol. I of Church History, or you can find a good account of it in the Feb. 1933 Relief Society Magazine.

Nora: Where is it?

Mother: In that bound volume on the library table. (Nora goes to table, gets book and returns to her stool and reads).

Father: (Who is still reading magazine). Quite a trip these Relief

*See page 595.

Society women had at the World's Fair last summer.

Mother: Yes, it just thrilled me to read the report of the International Congress of women, and the account of the whole trip and the climaxing of the trip by the unveiling of the Relief Society monument at Nauvoo. It certainly tells the story of women's achievements.

Ted: (rising) Guess I'll have to go down to the library for a little while, I've got to get a reference book for my psychology.

Mother: What is the name of the book?

Ted: "Influencing Human Behavior."

Mother: Why, I have that book, it is right there in front of you.

Ted: (looks over books on library table and picks up the one he wants) Well, where did you get it?

Mother: It has been there for two years. We studied that in Relief Society in our Social Service lessons. There are some good outlines on each chapter in the 1931-32 Relief Society Magazines.

Nell: Maybe the Relief Society Magazine can give me some help. Where can I find something on Biblical Literature?

Mother: You will find that in the March 1934 magazine. I also have a book "The Story of the World's Literature," by Macey which will give you a lot of valuable information. We have been studying from that book a year and will continue it this winter.

Father: Here is a little pink slip says your magazine has expired. Have you renewed yet?

Mother: No, Father, I haven't quite enough pennies (reaches bank from end table and holds up).

Father: What is that?

Mother: That is my Relief Society Magazine bank.

Father: A bank? I thought that was some kind of an ornament you had been making in Relief Society. How many pennies do you need?

Mother: I counted them the other day and I need eight more.

Father: (putting hands in pocket) Anybody got any pennies around here? (children and father all go to pockets and purses and find ten pennies) There, now, that makes the hundred pennies and two to start on for next year. Looks as if this were a very valuable magazine around here.

Mother: Yes, father, it is a valuable magazine. It is an inspiration to me. Not only for the educational values I receive from it, but the stories and articles are all an inspiration to me.

---

*Each topic was allotted three minutes' time except the Story and little play which took a little longer. It just took up the time of the Sacrament meeting which was given to us by the bishop.

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

(Tune: Maryland)

By Eliza Catmull

A little story I will tell
About a book we love so well;
Upon its pages you will find
The gospel's truths—God's word divine.

Chorus:
Our magazine, our magazine,
The little book we so esteem;
The readings all are good and clean
In this our R. S. Magazine.

It brings a message of good cheer;
The teachers topics for the year,
A college course that's up to time—
Lessons planned to improve the mind.

Its efforts all the Lord has blessed,
It is the keynote of success.
We ask you kindly to subscribe,
And help it as it onward strives.

Come sisters rally to the call,
We want your help, we need you all,
"A magazine in every home"—
The gospel seed will then be sown.

MY FRIEND

By Sadie Adamson

They tell me we have no friends
That are really truly so,
They are just acquaintances we meet
As we travel to and fro.

I differ with these statements
For I have a friend so true,
I depend upon every month
To bring me thoughts anew.

My leisure time is so controlled
So happy and so fine,
I'll gain an education
Just through this friend of mine.

When I'm steeped in thought
My vision seems to climb,
And somehow shape the way for me
To heights that are sublime.

You'd never guess the rapture
That flows within my breast,
When the postman bows and smiles
Mrs..... here's your guest.

I extend my hand in greeting
Like a Miss of seventeen,
And settle down in comfort sweet
With my Relief Society Magazine.

MAGAZINE SONG

(Tune: Springtime in the Rockies)
(Slowly)

When it's autumn in the Rockies
It's Magazine time in the Ward,
Little journal of the mountains
With your cheerful, pleasing words;
There is poetry and there's fiction
And there's lessons fine for you,
When it's Autumn in the Rockies
It is journal time for you.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND

By Emma Jesperson

I'm looking for a magazine
That comes each month to me
And if you'd like to know its name
'Tis Relief Society.

It has been my loved companion
Since nineteen twenty-three,
And oh, what joy and comfort
It has always brought to me.

It has taught me to be brave and strong
In all I strive to do,
It has helped me to be a faithful wife
And a better mother too.

It has taught me to be cheerful
If sometime things went wrong
It has kept me in a better mood
All of the day long.

So I'll say hurrah for our magazine!
And subscribe for it each year.
For it will always be a friend of mine
As long as I am here.

THE MAGAZINE

By Eliza Coleman

(Tune: Onward Christian Soldiers)

Magazine, O Magazine,
On this day we cheer;
Learning truth and honor
From your pages dear.
Help us ever magazine,
With your messages right;
May we ever cherish
Thy way of life so bright.

Chorus:
Magazine, O Magazine,
We thy cause hold dear,
Giving truth and courage
Magazine we cheer.

We are full of valor,
For thy wondrous way,
Pure in thoughts of honor
To those who blazed the way.
Help us ever magazine
With hope for victory
Bidding all a welcome
For op-por-tun-ity.

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